

THE LIVING AGE.

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. It is a pity that more has not been made of the fine subject, "The Silence of Scripture." The writer looks at Christmas from an extra-puritanical point of view. Still the reader will be sufficiently rewarded.

The next number will contain good articles on "Erasmus," and on the "Acclimatization of Animals," and will conclude "Holmby House." This story is now published separately for 50 cents.

NEW BOOK.

AN ARCTIC BOAT JOURNEY, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1854. By Isaac L. Hayes, Surgeon of the Second Grinnell Expedition, with Maps. Brown, Taggard, & Chase, Boston.

[Dr. Hayes was in company with Dr. Kane.]

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From The Cornhill Magazine.
UNSPOKEN DIALOGUE.

ABOVE the trailing mignonette
That deck'd the window-sill,
A lady sat, with lips firm-set,
And looks of earnest will.
Four decades o'er her life had met,
And left her lovely still.

Not to the radiant firmament,
Nor to the garden's grace,
The courses of her mind were bent,
But where, with sweetest face,
Forth from the other window leant
The daughter of the place.

Thus ran her thoughts: "Oh, wretched day!
When she was born so fair:
Well could I let my charms decay,
If she were not their heir;
I loathe the sunbeams as they play
About her golden hair.

"Yet why? she is too good, too mild,
So madly to aspire;
He is no boy to be beguild
By sparks of color'd fire:
I will not dream a pretty child
Can mar my deep desire.

"Her fatherless and lonely days
Are sere before their time:
In scenes of gayety and praise
She will regain her prime,
And cease to haunt these wooded ways
With sentimental rhyme."

On to the conscious maiden pass'd
Those words without the tongue;
Half petulantly back she cast
The glist'ning curls that hung
About her neck, and answer'd fast:
"Yes, I am young—too young:

"Yet am I graver than my wont,
Gravest when he is here;
Beneath the glory of his front
I tremble—not with fear:
But as I read, Bethesda's font
Felt with the Angel near.

"Must I mate only with my kind,
With something as unwise
As my poor self; and never find
Affection I can prize
At once with an adoring mind,
And with admiring eyes?

"My mother trusts to drag me down
To some low range of life,
By pleasures of the clam'rous town,
And vanity's mean strife;
And in such selfish tumult drown
My hope to be his wife."

Then darker round the lady grew
The meditative cloud,—
And stormy thoughts began to brew
She dar'd not speak aloud;
For then without disguise she knew
That rivalry avow'd.

"What is my being if I lose
My love's last stake? while she

Has the fair future where to choose
Her woman's destiny—
Free scope those means and powers to use,
Which time denies to me.

"Was it for this her baby arms
About my neck were flung?
Was it for this I found such charms
In her uncertain tongue?
Was it for this those vain alarms
My mother-soul unstrung?

"Oh, horrible! to wish my child—
My sole one left—unborn,
And, seeing her so meek and mild,
To hold such gifts in scorn;
My nature is grown waste and wild,
My heart with fury torn!"

Speechless—enchanted to the spot—
The girl could scarce divine
The whole disaster of her lot,—
But without sound or sign
She cried, "O mother! love him not;—
Oh! let his love be mine!

"You have had years of full delight,
Your girlhood's passion-dream
Was realized to touch and sight
As bright as it could seem;—
And now you interpose, like Night,
Before my life's first gleam.

"Yet you were once what I am now,—
You wore your maiden prize;
You told me of my father, how
You lived but in his eyes;—
You spoke of the perpetual vow,
The troth that never dies.

"Dear mother! dearer, kinder far,
If by my childhood's bed
Your care had never stood to bar
Misfortune from my head;—
But laid me where my brothers are,
Among the quiet dead.

"Ah! why not die? This cruel strife,
Can thus—thus only—cease?
Dear God! take home this erring life—
This struggling soul release:
From heaven, perchance, upon his wife
I might look down in peace."

That prayer, like some electric flame,
Struck with resistless force
The lady's agitated frame,—
Nor halted in its course,
"Till her hard pride was turn'd to shame,
Her passion to remorse.

She spoke—her words were very low,
But resolute in tone—

"Dear child! he comes. Nay, blush not so
To have your secret known:
'Tis best, 'tis best, that I should go—
And leave you here alone."

Then, as his steps grew near and fast,
Her hand was on the door,
Her heart by holy grace had cast
The demon from its core,—
And on the threshold calm she pass'd
The man she loved no more.

R. MONCKTON MILNES.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Souvenirs et Correspondance de Madame Récamier. Par Madame Lenormant. 2 vols. Paris: 1859.

THE character and the life portrayed in these volumes are, in the strictest sense of the word, singular. When we regard the gifts, patent to all, with which Mme. Récamier was endowed; the more subtle, and, we may say unexplained, charm by which she won all hearts, as surely as her beauty attracted all eyes; her strange and unaccountable marriage, and the perils to which it exposed the object of so much passionate adoration; the strength and permanence of her friendships, or the influence which, without the smallest taste for, or (as far as we can see) attempt at, political intrigue, she exercised over the society of Paris, at a time when Paris was the willing slave of a tyrant, and that tyrant her avowed and relentless enemy,—we come to the conclusion that she was singular in her nature, in her fortunes, and the impression she made and left on those who approached her.

The book now presented to the world is due to the filial piety of Mme. Récamier's adopted daughter (a niece of M. Récamier), Mme. Lenormant, to whom she bequeathed her papers, and the charge of protecting her memory from the impertinent intrusion of public curiosity and the rapacity of literary adventurers. We have not the smallest doubt that Mme. Lenormant has executed her delicate task with as much discretion and sincerity as it is possible to employ when dealing with the reputation of one so justly dear to her, and whose charming qualities have left their spell upon all who came under their influence. "We cannot expect that the child of her love should enlarge upon her weaknesses. And, indeed, there are few people, except those actuated by a love of depreciation, who would not feel repugnance to handle roughly so delicate a creature, or to lay bare the faults of one who never was severe on the faults of others. It may be urged that no honest biography can be written under the influence of such feelings as these. This is true, and accordingly, no honest biography is written, until the hearts that were interested in the subject of it are cold, until the affections cease to throw their veil or their halo round all that is doubtful and defective, or to bring into the fullest light all that is clear and admirable. And when

that time comes, what is biography? Either it is cold and lifeless, or, if the biographer has been warmed by his subject, the enthusiasm of the author becomes as misleading as the love of the friend. We are, therefore, disposed to accept with gratitude what Mme. Lenormant has thought proper to give us; and if we may sometimes regret that some things we would gladly have found in her interesting book are wanting, and other things which we had rather not have found are there, let us admit that her task was one of no ordinary difficulty. It is evident that Mme. Lenormant has felt this. We cannot say that she has succeeded in making either the character or the life of Mme. Récamier entirely clear to us. Some of the most important passages are entirely unexplained, and as they now stand, inexplicable. What is offered as the solution of the singularity of Mme. Récamier's history, is in itself more perplexing than what it attempts to solve. A cloud of doubt and mystery hangs over the whole life, and the most important relation of it rests upon a fiction.

Mme. Lenormant says in her preface that one of the motives which determined the publication of this work was the feeling that "the general ignorance of the entirely peculiar circumstances under which Mme. Récamier lived, the disproportion between the modesty of her life and the greatness of her fame, give her up as it were defenceless to all the profanation of conjectures. Even her panegyrists have uttered suppositions and judgments which cloud the purity of her memory." It appears that she was herself conscious of this danger, and, at the urgent request of her friends, several times began to collect materials for a history of her life. But her intention was never fulfilled. Among the causes which prevented it was what Mme. Lenormant justly calls "a singular distrust of her own powers, inexplicable in a woman accustomed to such constant and brilliant success. This was one of the most striking features of her character; courageous under all serious trials, and assured by a thousand proofs of her empire over all hearts and minds, she had fixed the limits of her powers far within their just and obvious extent."

Whether this moderation was the result of genuine humility or of policy, it was, we are convinced, one of the main secrets of her ascendancy. We are far from denying that a great part of the fascination she exercised was in-

voluntary, and as much a natural gift as her lovely face and her sweet voice; but she had far too much of that quick and delicate sense of the becoming and the attractive which we call tact, not to know that men would repay her moderation and forbearance with a double share of love and homage. In general, the substantial power of women (which can only be over the hearts and imaginations and senses of men), is destroyed by an attempt to compete with them on their own ground, or to set up claims which wound their self-love. Mme. Récamier had too fine a womanly instinct not to perceive this; and no doubt policy combined with nature to keep her within the limits she had, with equal wisdom and taste, prescribed to herself. It appears, however, that she had an unfeigned distrust of all she did. She had proceeded a considerable way in her memoirs, when the loss of sight, which was one of the trials that rendered more conspicuous the sweetness, patience, and self-oblivion of her nature, arrested her progress, and her last commands were that the M.S. should be destroyed. It was accordingly burnt. The passages quoted in Mme. Lenormant's work and in M. de Chateaubriand's "*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*," were found scattered among her other papers.

We cannot say, however, that Mme. Lenormant has given any satisfactory explanation of the almost total absence of letters from Mme. Récamier. The great defect of her book is, that it contains so little of the fresh and genuine expression of Mme. Récamier's own sentiments and thoughts. We are left in no doubt as to the sentiments she inspired; but we want to see how her heart responded to the chivalrous and paternal care of Matthieu de Montmorency, the humble adoration of Ballanche, the overflow of generous love and tender pity of Mme. de Staël, the passionate homage of Bernadotte, the more serious and devoted love of Prince Augustus, of Prussia, or the self-occupied confidences of M. de Chateaubriand. To all these, and to many more—as varied as their characters and their circumstances—this captivating woman must have returned appropriate, and, as it seems, satisfactory, answers, since all loved her faithfully and fervently to the last moment of their lives. It is useless to say that these are matters too delicate for the public eye, since the public eye is invited to contemplate them though on one side only. Mme. Le-

normant says, with great truth, in her preface, "the few letters we have been able to collect, and have thought worth printing, will not fail to excite regrets;" regrets, we may add, not only that they are so very few, but that they contain so little that can throw any light on the character and sentiments of the writer. That they are full of the kindness, grace, and amenity which marked all she said and did, needs hardly be told. But we look in vain for a single opinion on any one of the great subjects, which must have presented themselves under such varied aspects to her mind. She lived in a time which tried men to the very core. All that is generous, and all that is selfish; all that is heroic, and all that is base; cruelty, perfidy, and rapacity, contrasted with benevolence, loyalty, and honor; shameless treachery and desertion, with unshaken fidelity and friendship *à toute épreuve*; all the most striking contrasts of character and conduct, all those secrets of the heart, which in ordinary and tranquil times are covered under the veil of social decorum, brought out into the broad glare of political revolutions;—all these phenomena passed before her; formed, indeed, part of her daily and most intimate experience. Well may we, therefore, regret that we have no record or expression of the effect produced on Mme. Récamier's mind by such social aspects, and such wondrous events. We lay down the book with the unsatisfactory consciousness that we are entirely ignorant of the inward life of the woman whose outward life forms so remarkable a history. It appears incredible, that loved and admired as she was, all her letters should have been destroyed; or that one so delicate and refined, so kind and indulgent, should have left nothing that the tenderest regard to her memory and to the feelings of others could insert, as *pièces justificatives* in support of the representations of her friends.

With regard to the external circumstances in which she lived, they are so singular, so entirely unlike any thing that could exist in this country, that nothing less than a perusal of Mme. Lenormant's memoir can give an idea of them to English readers. The story of her life, of which we propose to give a slight outline, will show what was the position she occupied in French society. It is one which no amount of beauty, talents, charms, or virtues, could give to a woman in this country, where the position of the sex is more

obscure, more dependent, more consistent with nature and reason. But it would be a mistake to imagine that her whole life was one of mere representation and display; or that her desire to please, general as it undoubtedly was, disqualified her for serious and lasting attachments. Indeed, the most remarkable feature in her life was the dignity and fidelity of the friendships by which it was honored and embellished.

Mme. Récamier began her reign under very peculiar circumstances. Society had been completely broken up and annihilated. People had lived from day to day hiding themselves from the Terror; and the possession of qualities which fit men to enjoy and embellish society were precisely those which were most likely to draw upon them the envious fury of vulgar demagogues. There existed, therefore, none of the *foyers*, or rallying points which are found in all stable societies, and the field was entirely clear for the formation of new ones. Mme. Récamier happened to combine all the qualities and conditions which fitted her to assume this office. She was young, beautiful, rich, neither subject to domestic control nor occupied with domestic cares; tied to no party, bourgeoisie by birth, aristocratic in tastes and manners—above all, eminently attractive, and gifted with the art of drawing people together and keeping them in good-humor with themselves and each other.

Accordingly, her house was the neutral ground on which met the most diverse and even discordant elements of the newly formed society of Paris,—the *debris* of the old aristocracy just returned from their long exile, and the men whom talent, force, or intrigue had raised from humble stations to the higher posts in the army and the state. Among the former were the Duc de Guignes, Adrien and Matthieu de Montmorency, Christian de Lamoignon, M. de Narbonne, and many others of less note; among the latter, Barrère, Lucien Bonaparte, Eugène Beauharnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Massena, Moreau, revolutionary generals, and members of the assemblies, etc.

It is confidently believed by those who knew Mme. Récamier best, that she had no lovers, in the common acceptation of the word; whether from conscientious scruples, from coldness, or from a desire to retain her power (on which she certainly set a very high

value) over every man whom her charms had subjugated, we do not attempt to determine. Mme. Lenormant has, as we have already remarked, not furnished us with the smallest indications of her aunt's sentiments on this or any other subject, except through her report of them. The fact of the opinion of those who knew Mme. Récamier well, is, therefore, all we affect to speak to, and of that we can speak with confidence. Accepting this opinion, we may affirm that Mme. Récamier was a singular example of a person more rigorous to herself than to anybody else. Her choice of female associates seems to show that she did not exact from them the severity she practised herself. But it is very possible that Mme. Récamier, so indulgent to the frailties of others, might have none with which to reproach herself.

It appears to us that what she valued above all things was homage and influence. Perhaps, too, in making the sort of marriage she did, she had sealed up all the warmer fountains of a woman's heart. There is something shadowy and bloodless about the fair vision. She seems to have lived under a constant constraint; watching over the treasure of her beauty with anxious vigilance, and never for one moment off her guard; never melted to a perilous softness, nor exalted into the enthusiasm of that love in which self is forgotten. Parnell's exquisite song expresses far better than we can, the answer of a *true woman* to her lover's doubt, whether she should be regarded as an angel or a woman:—

“ ‘There's a passion and pride
In our sex,’ she replied;
‘And thus (could I gratify both) would I do:
An angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.’ ”

Mme. Récamier's fate, or her disposition condemned her to be always an angel;—a character which it is not easy to sustain, but for which she appears to have had as many qualifications as can well fall to the lot of her sex.

But it is time that we should put an end to our reflections and enable our readers to make their own.

Mme. Récamier (Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adélaïde Bernard), born at Lyons, in 1777, was the daughter of Jean Bernard, a notary. He was handsome, and married to a very pretty wife. From them the little Juliette inherited the beauty to which she owed her

great celebrity. She received her early education in a convent at Lyons, and seems to have retained through life not only the faith she imbibed there, but the most affectionate recollections of the tranquil existence, with all its charms of incense, flowers, and ceremonies, by which the Church of Rome appeals so successfully to the feelings of the young and susceptible. She left her convent to join her parents at Paris, where her education—that is her taste for music and dress—seems to have been sedulously cultivated by her vain and frivolous mother.

In the year 1793, she married M. Jaques Récamier, the son of a hosier at Lyons, who had risen to great opulence at Paris. He was, according to Mme. Lenormant's representation, a handsome, weak man, without strong principles or strong affections; content with everybody and every thing; recklessly and indiscriminately generous; ready to do any thing for his friends while they lived, and perfectly indifferent when they died. At the time he proposed marriage to the child whom he had seen grow in beauty, he was forty-two, and she fifteen. Concerning this singular union or contract, we must quote our author's words. "It was quite voluntarily, without alarm or repugnance, that Juliette accepted his offer. Her mother in part fulfilled her duty by representing to her the objections arising from so great a disparity of age; but Juliette, accustomed to see M. Récamier at her father's house, to receive from him many marks of kindness, and all her finest dolls, did not doubt that he would be a most obliging husband (un mari plein de complaisance), and accepted, without the smallest anxiety, the future which was offered to her." Their relations, however, as we are given to understand, remained throughout life of a filial and parental character. We shall not discuss the nature and results of such a marriage. We try in vain to understand by what process the heart and mind of a girl of fifteen are rendered so dead to the soft promptings of nature, as willingly to renounce forever the dearest and noblest hope of dawning womanhood,—mutual and equal love, with all the train of holy affections and noble duties which it brings,—to think of a husband as a man from whom she is to receive wealth, civil attentions (*complaisance*), and a name,—to abjure forever that love which is the true life of woman, or to look for it out of the pale of marriage.

Of these alternatives Mme. Récamier, as it appears, chose the former. A resolution which did honor to her discretion and virtue, but condemned her at once and forever to a life of hollowness and unreality. Spite of all her triumphs, spite even of those pure, faithful, and honorable friendships which were the charm and glory of her existence, we feel that it essentially missed its true aim; and that she was constantly occupied in an unquiet search for some substitute for happiness. Mme. Lenormant speaks of the "moments of depression and disgust so frequent in an existence at once empty and brilliant;" and again, "at the very acme of her luxury, splendor, and renown, this existence so rich and so animated, was far from bestowing happiness on one so envied. The affections which constitute the true felicity and dignity of woman, were wanting to her—and her desert heart, greedy of tenderness and devotion, sought an aliment for its cravings in the homage of passionate admiration which pleased her ear." Nothing can be more true; but when Mme. Recamier's biographer tells us, that she was "*privée par la destinée des affections qui d'ordinaire remplissent et absorbent le cœur des femmes*," we think that destiny is very unjustly blamed for a choice which implies, either in the individual or in the society to which she belongs, a defective or distorted state of the moral sentiments. Several of the marriages mentioned incidentally in the course of these volumes, seem to have been contracted from similar motives, and with somewhat similar results.

M. Recamier had a certain pride in his young wife's beauty, and ministered profusely to her taste for the splendors and elegancies of life. In 1796, he hired the Château de Clichy, about two leagues from Paris, where his wife and her mother took up their abode. M. Recamier went there every day to dinner, after which he returned to sleep at Paris, "whither his tastes, habits, and business conspired to recall him." This singular arrangement continued for several years. In the spring, Mme. Recamier left Paris for Clichy, where she was within reach of the pleasures of the capital. In 1798, they quitted the house in which they had lived from the time of their marriage, and bought the hotel belonging to M. Necker, in the Rue de Mont Blanc (now, de la Chaussee d'Autin). The ardent friendship which existed between Mme. de Staël and Mme. Récamier, dates from this

negotiation. Among the fragments of Mme. Récamier's MS. Memoirs, we find the following account of their first interview:—

"One day—a day which formed an epoch in my life—M. Récamier arrived at Clichy, accompanied by a lady whose name he did not tell me, and whom he left alone with me while he went to speak to some persons in the park. This lady came to speak about the sale and purchase of a house. Her dress was strange. She wore a morning gown and a little dress bonnet ornamented with flowers. I took her for a foreigner. I was struck with the beauty and expressiveness of her eyes. I could not account for what I felt, but it is certain that I was more intent on observing and, so to say, divining her, than in addressing her in the usual phrases of civility. She said to me, with a lively and impressive grace, that she 'was really delighted to make my acquaintance, that M. Necker her father—' At these words I knew her to be Mme. de Staël. I did not hear the rest of her sentence. I blushed, and my embarrassment was extreme. I had just read her '*Lettres sur Rousseau*,' and was intensely interested in them. I expressed what I felt rather by looks than words. She awed, while she attracted me. You immediately felt her to be a person perfectly natural, and of a superior nature. She, on her side, fixed her large eyes upon me with a kindly curiosity, and paid me compliments on my face which would have been exaggerated and too direct, if they had not seemed to escape her involuntarily, which gave an irresistible charm to her praises. My embarrassment did not injure me in her opinion. She understood it, and expressed a desire to see me frequently on her return to Paris. She was going to Coppet. Mme. de Staël was then but as a transient vision to me, but the impression it left was most lively. I thought of nothing but Mme. de Staël, so strongly had her ardent and powerful nature acted upon mine."—Vol. i. p. 24.

Such was the first meeting of these two remarkable women; the beginning of a friendship which for strength and fidelity, will stand a comparison with any friendship that has subsisted between the most magnanimous men. Both had great weaknesses; but the qualities and the sentiments that could inspire and maintain such a friendship through all the temptations and terrors of such a period, in the hearts of two women the most admired, the most flattered, the most eager for admiration, the most dependent on the opinion and sympathy of others, that ever existed, suffice to convince us of the affectionate, generous nature which was almost the only gift they

had in common. Their pretensions were indeed of a totally different kind; but we all know that this will not disarm the jealous rage for popularity, or the envy of any kind of superiority.

There is a curious example of this in no less a person than Napoleon Bonaparte. Mme. Récamier's first offence against him was, that she attracted the eyes of an assembly convened to do him honor. It was at the grand reception given by the Directory, in 1797, to the conqueror of Italy, in the great court of the Luxembourg.

"At the end of the court was an altar, and upon it a statue of Liberty; at the foot of this symbol the five directors clad in Roman costume, the ministers, ambassadors, and various functionaries ranged on an amphitheatre; behind them, benches for invited guests. On one of these were seated Mme. Récamier and her mother. She had never seen General Bonaparte, but shared in the general enthusiasm for the youthful conqueror. At that time he was very thin, and his head had a striking character of grandeur and firmness. Madame Récamier, where she sat, could not distinguish his features, which she had a very natural curiosity to see, and while Barras was making a long speech she rose from her seat to look at him. At this movement, which disclosed her whole person, the eyes of the crowd were turned upon her and she was greeted by a long murmur of admiration. This noise did not escape Bonaparte. He turned his head suddenly to the spot to which the public attention was directed, to see what object could have diverted it from himself; he beheld a young lady dressed in white, and threw at her a glance, the sternness of which she could not sustain, and instantly sat down."—Vol. i. p. 20.

But Mme. Récamier's offences against the *amour propre* and the despotic will of Bonaparte did not end here. They soon became more serious and irritating. The picture of the Bonaparte family incidentally disclosed in this book, is extremely instructive as well as amusing; and we shall follow out the story of Mme. Récamier's relations with them, not only because they are among the most remarkable of the many remarkable persons with whom she came in contact, but because the characteristic traits of that family have acquired a considerable importance to the world.

The first who figures is Lucien, who, under the name of Romeo, made vehement and vulgar love to this Juliet, and, finding that he

made no progress in his poetical character; proceeded to more direct appeals to her mercy in his own name. These letters she showed to M. Récamier, and begged his advice. The prudent banker commended his young wife's virtue, but represented to her that "to shut the door in the face of so great a man as a brother of the First Consul, would be to compromise and perhaps to ruin his bank;" and concluded by saying, "she must grant her illustrious suitor nothing, but must not drive him to despair." Such was the state of subjection to which terror had reduced the minds of men in France. The main strength of despots is that they generally succeed to periods of disorder and anarchy, of which indeed they are the lineal offspring. They find men cowed and demoralized and ready to become instruments of their tyranny or slaves of their caprice.

We had no idea that Lucien was so vulgar or so foolish as he appears in these letters. We come next to the ladies,—Mme. Bacciocchi and Mme. Leclerc, (Elisa and Pauline) soon to become imperial highnesses, and now exulting in their budding honors, and their newly acquired power. We shall see with what princely sentiments and manners they were likely to adorn their station.

M. Bernard, the father of Mme. Récamier, who had the office of *Administrateur des Postes*, was arrested on a charge of favoring a treasonable correspondence with the Royalists. This affair is fortunately related in Mme. Récamier's own words:—

"Mme. Bacciocchi (Elise Bonaparte) wishing to know M. de Laharpe, asked me to give her a dinner to meet him. I consented, though we were by no means on such terms of intimacy as to warrant such a request; but the members of the family of the First Consul were beginning to assume princely airs, and seemed already to think that they honored those who received them. The party consisted of Mme. Bacciocchi, Mme. de Staël, my mother, MM. de Laharpe, de Narbonne, and Matthieu de Montmorency. At the moment of our rising from table a note was delivered to my mother; she just glanced at it, uttered a cry, and fainted away." . . . "The note contained the news of my father's arrest. This was a thunderstroke to all present. I felt the necessity of controlling my emotion, and going up to Mme. Bacciocchi, whose countenance expressed annoyance rather than sorrow, I said, 'I must see the First Consul this very day, and I reckon on your kindness

to obtain an interview for me.' 'But,' replied Mme. Bacciocchi, 'I think you had better see Fouché first, to know exactly the state of affairs. Then, if it is necessary for you to see my brother, you'll come and tell me, and we will see what can be done.' 'Where shall I be able to find you, madam?' I replied, in spite of the coldness of these words. 'At the Théâtre Français, in my box, where I am going to meet my sister, who expects me.' Such a rendezvous at such a moment made me shudder."—Vol. i. p. 67.

Mme. Récamier then relates her fruitless attempt to move Fouché:—

"I quitted him," she says, "in a state of anguish impossible to describe, determined, whatever it might cost me, to follow Mme. Bacciocchi to the theatre. When I arrived there I could hardly stand. I found Mme. Bacciocchi in her box with Mme. Leclerc. At the sight of me she could not repress a look of extreme vexation; but I was under the influence of a sentiment too strong to regard it. 'I come, madam,' said I, 'to claim your promise. I must speak to the First Consul, or my father is lost.' 'Well,' said Mme. Bacciocchi, coldly, 'wait till the tragedy is finished, and I shall be at your service.'"
—Vol. i. p. 70.

Poor Mme. Récamier dropped into a back seat, to await with such patience as she might the end of the play.

"While in this state," she says, "Mme. Leclerc turning round to me suddenly, asked if I had seen Lafont before in the part of Achilles, and without waiting for my answer, 'He is very handsome,' continued she, 'but this evening he has on a horribly unbecoming helmet.'"
—Vol. i. p. 71.

Bernadotte, whom Mme. Récamier saw for the first time in the box of these princesses, had more pity. He offered to intercede with the First Consul, and conducted her home, promising to return on the morrow. He obtained, after some delay, the liberation of the prisoner.

In the *Mémorial de St. Hélène*, Napoleon, referring to this transaction, says that "he was hardly raised to the dignity of First Consul, when he found himself engaged in a conflict with the celebrated Mme. Récamier." But the facts of the case are grossly misstated by him, and the motives for which, as he said, "Mme. Récamier and her partisans never forgave him," are wholly misrepresented.

The next occasion on which Napoleon ex-

pressed his jealousy—for, strange as it may seem, that is the word—of Mme. Récamier, was during the trial of Moreau. From the time of her father's release, Bernadotte had continued to visit her on a footing of intimacy, and had expressed to her a feeling, then shared by many, of hostility to Bonaparte, and alarm for the freedom which France had bought so dear. In this she fully sympathized. She had witnessed the despair of Mme. de Staël at her exile from Paris, in 1803, and had from that time conceived a just aversion to a power exercised in so mean and pitiless a manner. Bernadotte one day showed her a list of republican generals upon whom he thought he could rely in an attempt to check the ambitious views of Bonaparte. But the only name which could be opposed to that of Bonaparte was the name of Moreau, and it was impossible to induce Moreau to take any decisive steps. He saw the danger which menaced his country, but dreaded to plunge it into civil war. Thus it is that the virtuous scruples of the best of her citizens have more than once delivered over France to the grasp of fierce and unscrupulous despotism.

The arrest and trial of Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges Cadoudal; the banishment of the first, the mysterious and frightful death of the second, and the heroic conduct and language of the third, are matters of history. Nothing could exceed the gloom and terror which reigned during the whole trial; Pichegru was wanting, but his spectre seemed to stand among the accused, for it was known that he had perished in prison; and the tragical death of the Duc d'Enghien was present to all minds. At the request of Mme. Moreau, who was her intimate friend, Mme. Récamier went to the Palais de Justice, escorted by M. Brillat Savarin, a magistrate of gastronomic fame. As soon as Moreau saw her, he rose and bowed, which she returned, as she says, "with emotion and respect." As he went out, escorted by gendarmes, he passed her and uttered a few words expressive of his thanks, and his hope of seeing her there on the morrow. This transient interview was their last.

"On the following day, at seven o'clock in the morning," she says, "I had a message from Cambacérés. He begged me, even for Moreau's sake, not to go again to the court. The First Consul, on reading the report of

the sitting, having seen my name, exclaimed sharply, 'What was Madame Récamier doing there?'"

As Mme. Moreau joined in advising her not to go, she reluctantly yielded. Moreau was condemned, as we know, to deportation. One of the judges being told, that Bonaparte only wished Moreau to be condemned in order that he might grant him a pardon, answered, "And who will grant us one?" These noble words deserve to be recorded by the side of those uttered by Georges Cadoudal, when his friends begged him to follow the example of the other prisoners, and petition for mercy. "Me promettez-vous," replied he, "une plus belle occasion de mourir?" "Will you promise me a nobler opportunity of dying?"

After these incidents it will easily be understood how Mme. Récamier gradually became the centre of the circle least favorable to the domination of Bonaparte: and a last and deadly offence which excited the implacable rancor of Napoleon against Mme. Récamier was now at hand. At a ball given by Lucien, at which her husband's timid and interested scruples obliged her to be present, she met Napoleon for the second and last time in her life. She was dressed, as usual, entirely in white, a practice which she never altered, and with her beautiful pearls and fairer skin was an object of universal admiration. Napoleon addressed some words to Fouché with his eyes fixed upon her, in such a manner that it was evident he was speaking of her. Shortly after, Fouché placed himself behind the chair in which she was sitting, and said to her in a low voice, "Le Premier Consul vous trouve charmante." Such a message, sent with so little *ménagement* by such a man, was obviously rude and insulting, and we hardly understand how after this, his attention to Mme. Récamier deserves to be called "*respectueuse*." When dinner was announced, Bonaparte walked out first and alone, without offering his arm to any lady. On leaving the table he said to her, "Why did you not come and sit next me?" "I should not have presumed to do so," said she. "It was your place," he replied. The dinner was succeeded by a concert, during which the eyes of Napoleon were riveted upon her with an intensity which made her uncomfortable. These short interviews, it appears, sufficed to leave a deep impression on the First Consul.

At the time of his elevation to the imperial throne in 1805, Mme. Récamier was living at Clichy, where Fouché's visits were so frequent as to excite her surprise that the minister of police could spare time for them. As he found her always surrounded by a numerous circle, he one day asked for a private interview, which was granted. He began by expressing great regret at the sort of opposition to the emperor, which had gradually established itself in her *salon*. He said that Napoleon was extremely offended at it, and added, with an air of great interest, that he strongly advised Mme. Récamier to avoid any displays of an hostility which might irritate the emperor. There was another woman he said, young and brilliant, high in rank and highly connected, who had shown something more than coldness for the new court. But the emperor had quickly conquered this feminine resistance, and with one of his usual *brusqueries* had reminded the haughty Duchess de Chevreuse of the origin of the great wealth of the family of Luynes, and of the possibility of another confiscation. The house of Luynes, and the allied house of Montmorency were too glad, added Fouché, to compel the Duchess de Chevreuse to accept the place of Dame du Palais to the empress. We shall see hereafter what was the fate of this noble victim of mean-souled despotism. Mme. Récamier was rather surprised at Fouché's advice, but thanked him for the interest he took in her; she protested that she did not meddle with politics, but that it was utterly impossible for her to desert her friends, or to separate herself from them. That day the conversation went no further.

Some time after, Fouché walking with Mme. Récamier in the park of Clichy, said with a smile,—

"Can you guess with whom I was talking about you for near an hour last night? The emperor." "But," said he, "she hardly knows me!" "From the day he met you he has never forgotten you. He complains of your enmity, but he does not blame you, but your friends."

Fouché then urged her to tell him her real opinion of the emperor. She replied with perfect frankness that, at first, she had been a warm admirer of his genius and his glorious achievements, but that the persecution of her friends, the death of the Duc d'Enghien, the exile of Mme. de Staël, and that of Moreau,

had wounded all her sympathies and changed her sentiments respecting him. In spite of this avowal, Fouché resolutely entered on the purpose of his visit. He urged the beautiful Juliette to ask for a place about the court, and took upon him to promise that her request would be instantly granted. This unexpected proposal excited not only surprise, but the utmost repugnance in Mme. Récamier; but she collected herself, and gave various plausible reasons for declining such an honor, the chief of which was her love of independence. Fouché smiled, and protested that she would enjoy perfect liberty; then adroitly seizing the highest attraction which such a post could have for a generous mind, he dwelt on the great services she might render to the oppressed of all classes, and the beneficial ascendancy which a woman of her virtues and charms might exercise over the emperor.

"He has never yet," added he, "met with a woman worthy of him, and no one knows what would be the love of Napoleon for a pure-minded woman; she would assuredly obtain an influence over him which would be most beneficent."

The devil evidently knew with what bait to angle for his expected prey. He was so excited by the pursuit that he did not perceive the disgust with which he was listened to. Mme. Récamier thought it better to treat all this as a jest, and to laugh at the romantic dreams of the minister; but such a conversation naturally rendered her very uneasy. The only person to whom she communicated it was her noble friend Duc Matthieu de Montmorency, who shared her anxiety, and advised the greatest prudence and reserve.

The next person employed in this honorable service was Mme. Murat, who wound up her persuasions, by saying, with an air of great affection, that if Mme. Récamier accepted the title of Dame du Palais, she expected and demanded that it should be in her service. She remembered Mme. Récamier's admiration for Talma, and sent her an order for her box the nights he acted. Mme. Récamier used this twice, which, we confess, seems to us a strange departure from the dignified reserve with which the civilities of such people are to be received, or rather repelled. Need it be said that on both occasions the emperor was in the opposite box, and ostentatiously kept his opera-glass di-

rected towards her? We can hardly be asked to believe that a woman so accustomed to admiration did not anticipate this result. The courtiers, who watched every movement of their master, loudly predicted that Mme. Récamier was about to be elevated to supreme favor.

Fouché, meanwhile, did not abandon his negotiation, and openly talked of the project of attaching Mme. Récamier to the court. At length, one day at Clichy, he took her aside and said, "You can no longer refuse; it is not I, it is the emperor himself who proposes to you the place of Dame du Palais, and I am commanded to offer it to you in his name." Fouché was so far from imagining a refusal possible, that he did not wait for an answer, and joined some persons present. Things being come to this pass, she thought it necessary to inform M. Récamier, who, we are happy to say, did *not* carry his solicitude for his bank so far as to try to overcome his wife's repugnance. "He entered without difficulty into the sentiments she expressed, and left her at full liberty to follow them." Fortunately for Mme. Récamier, she wanted nothing more than permission to preserve her own virtue and fair fame. Less aid or protection it seems impossible to have had from the person usually considered most interested.

On Fouché's return, she gave him her refusal, which, though decisive, was couched in the least offensive language, and sugared over with expressions of gratitude. But nothing could appease his irritation at seeing his plan defeated. He changed countenance, and in the violence of his anger broke out into invectives against Mme. Récamier's friends, especially Matthieu de Montmorency, whom he accused of having contributed to "cause this outrage to the emperor." He ran on against "*la caste nobiliaire*," for which, he added, the emperor "had a fatal indulgence," and quitted Clichy never to return.

From this time, Mme. Récamier had nothing to expect but a persecution as relentless as it was petty. It extended to all her friends, and even, as we shall see, to the very innocuous M. Récamier. When at the zenith of his power, the Emperor Napoleon was extremely irritated at seeing the most considerable men among his ministers and lieutenants assiduous visitors of Mme. Récamier. He sometimes complained of it, and one day, when three ministers then in power had acci-

dently met at her house, the emperor knew it, and asked them "How long it was that the council had been held at Mme. Récamier's house." He was equally impatient if foreigners of distinction frequented her *salon*. Metternich, then Austrian ambassador, at first wholly abstained from going, and when at length he took courage to brave the peril of such an enterprise, he only ventured to call at hours when he was not likely to meet people. Even sovereign princes were obliged to bow to the same petty and jealous tyranny. Among them was the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, brother of the beautiful Louise, queen of Prussia, who, being in Paris in 1807, had been under the humiliating necessity of visiting her *incognito*. In 1843, having never seen her in the interval, he wrote to her thus:—

" . . . Parmi les souvenirs précieux que je vous dois, il y en a un surtout que la mémoire du cœur ne cesse de me retracer avec tout le charme qui lui est propre: c'est la conduite si éminemment noble, généreuse et aimable que vous avez observée vis-à-vis de moi après que Napoléon avait hautement dit dans le salon de l'Impératrice Joséphine 'qu'il regarderait comme son ennemi personnel tout étranger qui fréquenterait le salon de Madame Récamier.' . . . "

Up to this point we have followed Mme. Récamier floating on the full tide of success, —lavishly endowed with beauty, wealth, fame, surrounded by faithful friends and ardent lovers, courted, and courted in vain, by the man who gave law to monarchs. What could be expected but that this spoiled child of nature and fortune should become wilful, despotic, and selfish towards others; feeble, dependent, and defenceless against the strokes of adversity? She was neither. Power did not harden her heart, nor luxury unnerve her spirit.

We shall now see her tried by misfortune, showing a degree of firmness, courage, and fortitude, little to be expected from a woman of five-and-twenty, nursed in ease and luxury, and never even permitted to trouble herself with household arrangements, or to understand the value of money. She was at the zenith of her beauty and her power. Her husband's wealth had been employed in building a shrine suited to the idol who was to be worshipped in it. The house in the Rue du Mont Blanc was furnished with fabulous splendor. Every article in it was made from a

model expressly designed for the occasion. It was in the monstrous style which so fitly characterized that period and was suited to the taste which then prevailed, but nothing was wanting to its magnificence. Mme. Récamier's life was, as we have said, an unnatural and factitious one; she had renounced the nature and affections, the warm emotions, the passionate devotion, the soft compliances and tender cares of woman; she had, as a compensation, a golden pedestal on which her beauty sat enthroned. And now, in the plenitude of her power, all these splendors were suddenly taken from her. Her husband was a bankrupt, and what was worse, displayed a poverty of character, and a prostration of spirit below even the level of his ruined fortunes. So far from doing any thing to break the stroke to the young creature whom he had so ill prepared for the adversity in which he now involved her, he made no effort to sustain himself.

On Saturday in the autumn of 1806, M. Récamier came to his wife in a state of agitation impossible to describe, and told her that by a series of adverse circumstances, his bank was in a state of embarrassment, which however he hoped would be but momentary. He had applied to the Bank of France for a loan of a million on good security, and in case his request was granted he hoped that his affairs would be re-established; but if not, in forty-eight hours, he should be obliged to suspend payment. She was at first stunned by this abrupt announcement of so unlooked-for a reverse; but soon summoning all her strength, and looking her new duties clearly in the face, she tried to impart some of her own courage to M. Récamier. In vain. He hurried off to the country, leaving her to receive a large dinner party. She went through this horrible trial with such perfect apparent tranquillity, that none of the guests suspected the anguish that lay hid under her sweet smile, or the ruin that impended over the mistress of such a feast. The advance from the Bank of France which in other cases would have been granted almost as a matter of course, was harshly refused, and the house stopped payment. "Mme. Récamier," says her biographer, "never disguised from herself that this refusal was prompted by the emperor's personal resentment against herself. She accepted the loss of fortune with firmness and

serenity, without complaint and without ostentation, and evinced a promptitude and resolution which never deserted her in the various subsequent trials of her life." All the gorgeous furniture and plate were sold, nor did Mme. Récamier reserve a single jewel that had adorned her lovely person. As a purchaser could not immediately be found for so large and costly a house, she immediately let the whole of it, except a small apartment on the ground-floor, to which she retired.

But if the conduct of Mme. Récamier was worthy of all admiration and respect, that of the society in which she lived was no less so. It is with the liveliest satisfaction that we dwell upon a feature of the French character which does so much honor to the nation. How the notion ever gained ground that the French are unstable in friendship, we have never been able to understand. The French are capable of sacrifices to friendship of which we have no conception. We do not mean the sacrifices of a great effort, or a munificent gift, or any act performed under the influence of strong and excited feelings, but the daily and hourly sacrifice of ease, of leisure, of the desire for change, or the indulgence of a personal taste or fancy. Well may Mme. Lenormant claim for her countrywomen the honor so justly due to their fidelity to the unfortunate. "Mme. Récamier," she says, "found herself the object of universal interest and respect—her door was besieged; everybody thought it an honor to express their sympathy with adversity so nobly borne."

We have seen with what jealous disgust Napoleon regarded the homage paid to Mme. Récamier in her prosperity. The general sympathy with her in adversity was equally distasteful to him. When Junot, who was in Paris during this catastrophe, rejoined the emperor in Germany, he enlarged upon it with great interest. The emperor interrupted him, and said, in a tone of extreme ill-humor, "People would not pay so much homage to the widow of a Marshal of France killed on the field of battle." On every occasion one sees how the sore rankled. He had coveted her beauty as an ornament to his new-made court, or for still viler ends. But as soon as he found that he could not turn it to his own uses, he regarded it with hatred and jealousy, as an enemy and a rival; and wreaked upon

a gentle but high-spirited woman all the accumulated rancor of offended vanity, resisted power, and baffled desire.

The following summer Mme. Récamier went to Coppet, where she was received by Mme. de Staël with the most enthusiastic affection. Here she met Prince Augustus, of Prussia, who had been taken prisoner in the campaign of 1806, and was residing at Geneva. As this was one of the incidents of her life the most remarkable in itself, and the most illustrative of her character, we shall follow it in some detail. Prince Augustus was, like his brother,—the heroic, captivating, and unfortunate Prince Louis Ferdinand,—remarkably handsome, brave, and chivalrous. He was the type of a frank and loyal German prince, and the reverses and humiliations of his country had only served to render his patriotism more fervent and devoted.

"The passion he conceived for Mme. de Staël's friend," says the biographer, "was intense. Being himself a Protestant, and a native of a country in which divorce is authorized by law, both civil and ecclesiastical, he flattered himself that the beautiful Juliette would consent to dissolve her merely formal marriage, and proposed to make her his wife. Three months passed in the enchantments of a passion by which Mme. Récamier, if she did not share it, was deeply touched. All things conspired to favor Prince Augustus. Mme. de Staël's imagination, easily captivated by any thing romantic and singular, rendered her an eloquent auxiliary of the prince, and the very scenes around them—the lovely shores of Lake Leman, peopled with romantic shadows,—were well fitted to trouble the reason.

Mme. Récamier's resolution was for a moment shaken, and she accepted the proposal of marriage, which, coming from a prince of royal blood and impressed with a high sense of the prerogatives of his birth and station, was the strongest proof that could be given, not only of passion, but of esteem. Promises of marriage were interchanged, and Mme. Récamier wrote to her husband to demand that as their marriage was in fact null, it might be formally dissolved. M. Récamier replied that he would consent if such was her desire, but appealed to her better feelings, reminding her of the affection he had borne her from her childhood, and the entire deference he had shown for all her wishes. The generosity and paternal tenderness of this letter wrought an immediate change in her sentiments. She felt it impossible to desert a man who had lavished upon her every indulgence his large fortune could procure, now that age

and poverty had overtaken him. She returned to Paris fully resolved in her own mind."—Vol. i. p. 140.

This was worthy of the kind and generous woman who, as Mme. de Staël said, never deserted an unfortunate friend. But we cannot admire or approve Mme. Récamier's treatment of her royal lover. Instead of candidly telling Prince Augustus the revolution which had taken place in her mind (and which did her so much honor), she allowed him to return to Berlin, eager to prepare the way for a union which was sure to be attended with great obstacles and sacrifices on his part, in full reliance on her vows ("serments"). Soon after her return to Paris she sent him her portrait—that celebrated portrait which was the ornament of the prince's residence at Berlin to the day of his death. She had also given him a ring, which was, by his desire, buried with him. In April, 1808, the period of his country's lowest humiliation, Mme. Récamier still flattered his hopes, and allowed him to regard her as his affianced wife. Meanwhile, the state of Prussia rendered it very difficult for the prince to carry on a correspondence with a person who was the object of the active *surveillance* of a suspicious police: nor could he see her, for the king forbade him to venture into France, where he would probably have been treated as a prisoner. "Tortured by all these anxieties, public and private, he fell dangerously ill." The sentence which follows this seems to us strange enough.

"Mme. Récamier on her side, having returned to her family [what family?], weighed, with more *sang-froid*, and with a more dispassionate reason, all the chances, all the temptations, and all the disadvantages of the prospect offered to her. Though penetrated with the most profound gratitude for the loyal and devoted affection of Prince Augustus, she felt, on sounding her own heart, that she could but imperfectly respond to the sentiments she inspired, and she scrupled to accept so serious a sacrifice from a man whom she could not requite with equal love." Vol. i. p. 144.

Her religious scruples and the dread of quitting her country forever, did the rest.

She wrote Prince Augustus a letter intended to put an end to all his hopes. "I was struck as with a thunderbolt on receiving your letter," he says in his answer. He refused to yield to her decision, and continued

to insist on his right to see her once more. After evading for four years the interview which he demanded, in 1811 she appointed to meet him at Schaffhausen. This project was frustrated by the sentence of exile which met Mme. Récamier on her arrival at Coppet. Prince Augustus continued to correspond with her till the year 1815, when he entered Paris with the allied armies. He commanded the Prussian artillery, and wrote to her, from every one of the French towns which he besieged and took, letters full of passion and of Prussian patriotism—a combination certainly not very cunningly imagined, and which the equally patriotic French woman never forgave. His last interview with Mme. Récamier was in 1825, when he found her in her retreat at the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

This is (so far as it appears in the book before us) the solitary approach to a love-passage during the long reign of the idol of so many hearts. Our readers will determine whether or not we are mistaken in our view of her character. If any man could have kindled a passion in the heart of woman, surely a prince, young, handsome, brave, unfortunate, and so much in love as to be willing to exchange all that he possessed for her love, was the man to do so. But it is clear that, though her imagination was for a moment excited and dazzled, she never loved him; and as soon as she returned to the way of life, and the *entourage* which habit and taste rendered necessary to her, she recovered her "*sang-froid*," and broke the vows which bound her to her idolizing lover without the smallest difficulty.

We come now to the crowning act of Napoleon's revenge, the banishment of Mme. Recamier from Paris. Mme. de Staël, as our readers know, had incurred a similar sentence in 1803. Mme. Récamier's generous and courageous sympathy at that time had drawn much closer the bonds which united these remarkable women. They were now to be the common objects of the inexorable vengeance with which Napoleon visited the genius and the beauty which he could neither buy, nor seduce, nor intimidate.

In Mme. de Staël's "*Dix Années d'Exil*," she speaks of the generous hospitality offered her by Mme. Recamier, the first time she excited the alarm and incurred the resentment of Napoleon. She says:—

"This woman, so celebrated for her beauty, and whose character that beauty so truly expresses, sent to propose to me to come to reside at her country house, two leagues from Paris. I accepted, for I did not then know that I could injure a person so entirely a stranger to politics. I thought her safe from every thing, spite of the generosity of her character. The most agreeable society met at her house, and there I enjoyed for the last time all that I was about to leave. It was in those stormy days that I received Mr. Mackintosh's speech. It was in that I read those pages in which he portrays a Jacobin who, after having been during the Revolution the terror of old men, women, and children, bends under the rod of the Corsican, who strips him of every atom of that liberty for which he pretended to have taken up arms. This passage, full of the noblest eloquence, moved my inmost soul. Writers of a high order sometimes, unknown to themselves, soothe the unfortunate of all countries and all ages. After passing some days at the house of Mme. Recamier without hearing any thing more of my exile, I persuaded myself that Bonaparte had given it up. General Junot, for her sake, promised to go the next day to speak about it to the First Consul, which he did with great earnestness."

Mme. de Staël deceived herself in hoping to be forgotten by the suspicious police of that period. Her sentence of exile was confirmed, and she determined to set out for Germany. She employed the period of her residence in that country in collecting the materials for her celebrated work "*de l'Allemagne*;" and passed the years 1808 and 1809, at Coppet, occupied in completing it. The following year Mme. de Staël went to spend a few days at a house belonging to Duke Matthieu, near Blois. On her return from this excursion she learned that the whole edition of her book was seized; and at the same time received from the Duc de Rovigo the injunction to return immediately to Coppet, there to remain till her intended departure for America. Thus was Europe reduced to a state of lawless oppression which invaded even the sanctuary of private life. Public opinion became more and more alarmed and indignant at the monstrous abuse of power; and, as a natural consequence, the police, more and more watchful and jealous. Any one who was suspected of opposition to the government immediately became the object of an active and minute *surveillance*. Not only Mme. de Staël, whose literary eminence and liberal

opinions rendered her formidable, but several other women who had taken no part whatever in politics, were condemned to exile.

After the seizure of the ten thousand copies of her book, Mme. de Staël remained at Coppet, in the greatest anxiety, her mind torn between the determination to go to seek an asylum in Sweden and the grief of quitting France. Mme. Récamier being resolved to see her once more, gave out, in the spring of 1810, that she was going to the baths of Aix, in Savoy, for her health, and procured a passport for that place. She was, however, warned of the dangers of a journey, the real object of which it was easy to divine. She was cautioned against "suffering herself to be led away, by an excess of kind feeling, to commit an act of imprudence useless to her friend, and likely to bring upon herself the most deplorable consequences." To these timid counsels Mme. Récamier replied that the visit of an inoffensive woman to an unhappy friend, who was about to quit France, was so natural and innocent a step, that it was impossible to believe that the government could take umbrage at it. But be the consequences what they might, she was determined not to withhold from a persecuted woman this proof of affection and respect. She accordingly set out for Coppet in August, 1811. The readers of the "*Dix Années d'Exil*" may remember the eloquent passage in which Mme. de Staël relates the circumstances of this extraordinary and heroic interview. Both Mme. Récamier and M. de Montmorency expiated the crime of attachment to a proscribed friend by a sentence of banishment from Paris.

Mme. Récamier fixed on Châlons-sur-Marne as her place of exile—*triste* enough, but in the neighborhood of Montmirail, the magnificent seat of the Duc de Doudeauville (La Rochefoucault), whose son had married the only daughter of Matthieu de Montmorency. Those who had incurred the displeasure of the master were shunned by all but the most devoted friends, and even they found it difficult to visit them. M. de Montmorency, who was staying at Montmirail, was three months without obtaining permission to spend a few days with his friend at Châlons. Mme. Lenormant remarks, that none but those who have witnessed the abject state into which men sink under absolute government, and the baseness of their conduct towards any one who has incurred its dis-

pleasure, can imagine all the forms and shades which servility and meanness can assume.

To the honor of the sex be it said, this idolized beauty, driven from the scene of all her pleasures and all her triumphs, nay, even from the vulgar comforts and conveniences of life, rejected every proposal made to her to solicit her recall to Paris. She desired those of her friends who, like Junot, had familiar access to the emperor, never to utter her name in his presence. It is impossible to read such traits as this, without feeling that Mme. Récamier was a person of honor in the highest sense of the word: she had great, perhaps excessive, indulgence for frailty, she had none for baseness. Her love of power was great, but disinterested. It was what in a man would be called honorable ambition. She liked to feel that she exercised power, but she never used it to obtain the smallest thing for herself. Yet there were moments when she might have had any thing she asked for. During all the period of her adversity it never seems to have occurred to her to use the talisman she possessed for her own advantage. This is the real glory and distinction of Mme. Récamier. When we see how women, with not a tithe of her ascendancy, employ all their little means of captivation, in order to "get things" for husband, and sons,—that is for themselves,—we think with infinite respect of one who having an unequalled influence over the hearts and wills of men scorned to ask a favor, and endured the poverty for which she was so ill prepared, and the exile which fell with tenfold severity upon one so beloved and admired, without the smallest sacrifice of dignity and independence.

After staying nearly a year at Châlons she removed to Lyons, where she found a sister of M. Récamier, who seems to have been a very estimable woman. Here, too, she found another victim of imperial resentment, the Duchess de Chevreuse, accompanied by her mother-in-law, the Duchess de Luynes. The Duchess de Chevreuse had, as we have seen, been sacrificed to the *ménagemens* which were thought necessary to the safety of her husband's family and fortune. But though she was forced to appear at the new court, she carried with her all the haughty disdain which a woman of her high spirit and high birth could not but feel for such a parody. The Duchess de Chevreuse was not regularly beau-

tiful, but singularly elegant and seductive. The emperor, it was said, had been not insensible to her attractions, but she received his admiration with impenetrable coldness. At the time of the arrest of the royal family of Spain, Napoleon proposed to attach the duchess to the service of the queen. When this was communicated to Mme. de Chevreuse, she said, "they might make her a prisoner, but never a gaoler," a reply which immediately brought upon her sentence of exile. When Mme. Récamier met her, she had been dragging about in different parts of France, a malady which was killing her. "It appeared to her," says Mme. Lenormant, "more easy to renounce life than Paris." This sentiment, which we find expressed with almost equal vehemence by Mme. de Staël, and even by the gentler and more patient Mme. Récamier—which, indeed, encounters us everywhere; this way of regarding France as a desert, and its inhabitants as barbarians with whom it was impossible to associate or to sympathize, diminishes our surprise at the unstable condition of a country where society rests not on its base but on its apex. If, as we are assured, disgust at the present state of things, and at the persons who now figure in the highest places at Paris, is gradually liberating the really good society of France from this bondage, and from the effect, at once exciting and enervating, of living for and in society; if it be true that the men of old family and territorial importance are living more and more on their estates, and attending to the improvement of men and things about them; if Frenchmen are learning to regard France, and not Paris, as their country, the present government will have rendered the greatest conceivable service to France. It may undo, in some small degree, the work of Richelieu and Louis XIV., and restore what remains of the highest classes in that country to their true duty, interest, and honor.

In January, 1813, Mme. Récamier went to Rome, at that time the capital of a French department, governed by a French prefect, and without a pope. But though even here she was still in the power of the rude hand which had exiled her from Paris, she found compensation in the society which surrounded her. Canova became one of her most devoted friends, saluted her every morning with a note or a sonnet by his brother the abbé, and almost by stealth transferred her adorable head

to marble. The bust displeased her, and the artist assigned to it the name of "Beatrice." After his death it was sent to her with a line of Dante, which singularly reminds us of Mme. Récamier herself:—

"Sovra candido vel, cinta d'oliva,
Donna m' apparve."

From Rome, Mme. Récamier proceeded to Naples, where she was received by the king and queen with the greatest cordiality, and treated with every mark of attention, for, in spite of the hostility of Napoleon, she had always preserved her friendly relations with other members of the imperial family, and with none more than with Caroline Bonaparte. It was just at the moment when Murat had to decide between his fidelity to the man to whom he owed his crown, and the necessity of separating his own interests and those of his subjects from the ruin which Napoleon had provoked. He had made several attempts to persuade the emperor to make peace, but Napoleon, who treated his vassal kings with inconceivable *hauteur*, did not even deign to answer his brother-in-law's letters.

Murat, after a severe struggle, signed his adherence to the Coalition, on the 11th January, 1814.

"At the moment when this was made public, Murat entered his wife's room, where he found Mme. Récamier: he came up to her, expecting, no doubt, that she would approve the part he had taken, and asked her opinion. 'Sire,' said she, 'you are a Frenchman! You must be faithful to France.' Murat turned pale; and throwing open the window of a great balcony overlooking the sea, with violence, 'I am then a traitor,' said he, pointing to the English fleet, then sailing into the port of Naples. And sinking down on the sofa, he covered his face, and burst into tears."

From Naples Mme. Récamier came back to Rome, where she witnessed the triumphant return of Pius VII. to the Vatican. The French domination was at an end. The usual fate of dethroned power was exemplified in the case of General Miollis; she had left him Commander of the French forces, and master of Rome; she found him living alone in his villa, with an old soldier, who was his only servant. He professed himself extremely touched and almost surprised by her visit, and told her that it was the *only one* he had received since he ceased to be Commandant of Rome.

Mme. Récamier returned to Paris under

every conceivable circumstance of *éclat*. Her beauty was in its full and perfect flower; her joy at finding herself once more in her usual haunts, gave it additional radiance; and to all her natural charms were added the interest and the glory attached to the persecution she had undergone, and the firmness and generosity of her conduct. Her house became the resort of the most choice society, and the numerous eminent men of all countries who now resorted to Paris solicited the honor of being received by her. This was, according to Mme. Lenormant, the most brilliant period of her aunt's life. M. Récamier's fortune was to a certain extent restored, and his wife had inherited her mother's property, which amounted to 400,000 fr. She was, therefore, once more enabled to procure for herself all the comforts and indulgences of life. Above all, she found again the friends to whom she was so ardently and firmly attached; especially Mme. de Staël, Matthieu de Montmorency, and the widow of Moreau, from whom she had been separated by ten years of exile. Three generations of Montmerencys met in her *salon*; and it was on observing the passionate admiration with which she inspired his grandson Henri, that the old duke said so prettily—"*Its n'en mouraient pas tous, mais tous étaient frappés.*"

Paris, which had been crushed under another terror and another tyranny, once more rebounded and showed itself in all its former animation and brilliancy. The pride of the nation was indeed wounded by the presence of foreigners, but found a balm, as we are told, in the thought that French soldiers had bivouacked in the palace of every king on the continent. The want of this strange consolation must have rendered the presence of our countrymen a source of unmitigated disgust. We fancy we trace some remains of this feeling in the succeeding pages which relate to the Duke of Wellington. We venture to think the insertion of the fragment of a diary, kept at the time by Mme. Récamier, a mistake. The Duke of Wellington had considerable defects, and among them was a certain bluntness of perception on some points, and a want of tact which not unfrequently accompany simplicity and directness of character like his. It does not at all surprise us that Mme. Récamier should have felt shocked and displeased at the coarseness which led him to imagine that her patriotic sorrow at the re-

sult of the battle of Waterloo would be lost in her joy at the fall of her personal enemy. We fully admit that the words which he is said to have addressed to Mme. Récamier the first time he saw her after his great victory over Napoleon—" *Je t'ai bien battu,*" were in very bad taste. The consequence of this speech was, as we are informed, that Mme. Récamier's door was shut against him; so that, by a singular chance, the same lady who had rejected Napoleon's attentions at the height of his power, affected to avenge his fall upon his too successful antagonist. We happen to know, however, that Mme. Récamier was by no means so incapable of appreciating the Duke of Wellington as these frivolous expressions would lead us to imagine. She was much struck with the truth and simplicity of his character, and estimated these qualities as they deserved. It will probably be long before the grounds on which rest our veneration for him will be fully understood in France, where military talents take precedence of all others. But we have ourselves heard perfectly just and candid opinions of him expressed by generous and discriminating Frenchmen.

The society of Paris under the government of the Restoration, was precisely that which was best fitted to the tastes and habits of Mme. Récamier; and although she cannot be said to have identified herself with any political party, it was at this period of her life, and under the reign of Louis XVIII., that those persons to whom she was most attached, were called upon to take an active part in public affairs. This was, in fact, the time at which she created the *salon*, which remained to the close of her life, one of the most attractive and polished houses in France. It was frequented by foreigners as well as Frenchmen—the Duchess of Devonshire, the late Lord Bristol, the Duke of Hamilton, Lady Dary and Sir Humphrey, with whom Mme. Récamier had ascended Mount Vesuvius, Humboldt—and of her own countrymen, the Montmorencys, the Bertins, the Periers, Benjamin Constant, M. Villemain, and at a later period Count Montalembert, M. de Tocqueville, Thierry, Salvandy, Sainte Beuve, Merimée, and Ampère. Amongst this group of men, distinguished by so many excellences, the principal place belonged to Duc Matthieu de Montmorency, M. de Chateaubriand, and M. Ballanche. We have, therefore, reserved for this place a brief notice of them, without

which no sketch of the life of Mme. Récamier could be complete.

First in order of time, first in high descent, first in honor and virtue, and in pure, lofty, courageous, and disinterested friendship, was Duke Matthieu de Montmorency. The class of men to which he belonged, and of which he may be accepted as a representative, has ceased to exist. The few specimens that survive only serve to fill us with deep but vain regret that such models of social grace and refinement have passed away. In these respects the French Revolution has thrown back civilization to an incalculable extent. Nor can we console ourselves with the notion that society has gained in virtue what it has lost in grace. Politeness,—by which we mean regard for the feelings of others, for the feelings especially of the weak, the inferior, the aged, the unprotected,—politeness was the special quality of the highest classes of France, and from them descended through all ranks. The restraints and the duties imposed by those laws of politeness by which every gentleman felt himself bound, softened the asperities of harsh tempers, and added irresistible grace to gentle ones. This fairest flower of high culture was allied to many of the most important virtues,—humanity, honor, generosity;—and it cannot be denied that some of the most eminent examples of it were to be found in the aristocracy of France. It was in the year 1799 that Mme. Récamier became acquainted with the two cousins of that illustrious race, Adrien de Montmorency, Prince, and afterwards Duc de Laval; and Matthieu, Viscomte, afterwards Duc Matthieu de Montmorency.

"Messieurs de Montmorency," says Mme. Lenormant, "were both just returned from emigration. They were cousins-german, nearly of the same age, and attached to each other from infancy by the most intimate and unchanging friendship, though nothing could be more unlike than their characters."

Passing over the Prince de Laval, as not only inferior to his cousin, but a less important personage in our history, we shall present to our readers the striking portrait given by Mme. Lenormant of Matthieu de Montmorency.

He was born in 1760, and served in America under his father, who was colonel of the regiment of Auvergne. He belonged to that small group of the high aristocracy, in which enthusiasm for the ideas of progress, reform,

and of social revolution, was most intense. He was a great deal in the society of Mme. de Staël. It will be remembered that it was on a motion of Matthieu de Montmorency, deputy to the states-general, that, on the 4th of August, the Constituent Assembly decreed the abolition of the privileges of the noblesse.

"In 1762 he emigrated, and in his retreat in Switzerland learned that his brother, the Abbé de Laval, whom he loved most tenderly, had fallen under the revolutionary axe. This horrible event nearly affected his reason. In his despair he accused himself of causing the death of his brother, who had fallen a victim to the Revolution of which he had himself been a partisan. His remorse partook of the intensity of his passionate nature. Mme. de Staël's friendship, her delicate sympathy, and her ingenuous kindness, succeeded in some degree in calming the violence of his anguish; but it was in religion alone that he found peace. From that time this impetuous, seductive, and frivolous young man became an austere and fervent Christian.

"He was about thirty-eight when he was introduced to Mme. Récamier; his handsome and noble face still bore the trace of the sorrows and the struggles which had convulsed his mind. He was tall and fair, and when he became bald, which he did at an early age, his beautiful hair formed a sort of *auréole* around his fine and regular head. His manners were at once the most noble and the most elegant. His politeness was perfect; and his dignified courtesy kept people very much at a distance. It was evident that he was naturally violent, and that the serenity which had become habitual to him was an effort of virtue. His charity was boundless. He had subdued his passions, but the tenderness of his nature gave a warmth to his friendship which rendered him singularly attaching. He was a devout Catholic, but in spite of the difference of religious belief he had a profound affection for Mme. de Staël, and a tender compassion for weaknesses of which he was not ignorant, but which he always hoped to help her to conquer.

"I do not know if Matthieu de Montmorency could be esteemed what is commonly called an *homme d'esprit*. He had certainly more greatness and loftiness of soul than reach of intellect, but his opinions, sentiment, and language were characterized by the most remarkable delicacy and distinction. The recollection of the errors of his youth tempered his severity, and the austerity of his life from the time of his conversion added weight to the authority he easily acquired over all who approached him. The most complete sympathy naturally arose between

him and Mme. Récamier, and his friendship for her was the more fervent for being always tinged with anxiety. He lived in continual dread of the dangers arising from the desire to please, of which he vainly tried to cure her, and from the frivolous but intoxicating homage of a crowd of adorers interested in her ruin. He loved her like a father, and watched with jealous solicitude over her sentiments. His consolations, counsel, and pious exhortations, were associated with every sorrowful or perilous event in the life of Mme. Récamier. He often had to rouse her energy in those moments of discouragement and disgust so frequent in an existence at once empty and brilliant. M. de Montmorency distinctly felt that the craving for admiration, and the absence of the near and dear affections of home, were formidable dangers to the virtue of his charming friend, and his whole correspondence shows how earnestly he labored to make her understand her danger. That correspondence is a matchless monument of an affection as pure and delicate as it was lively and profound."

This intimacy was uninterrupted by a single cloud during the long period of twenty-seven years. It was only terminated in 1826 by the touching and impressive death of Duke Matthieu, who, in the act of performing his devotions at the foot of the altar, on Good Friday in that year, in his parish church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, suddenly fell backwards and expired.

M. de Chateaubriand fills a still larger place in these volumes, and in the life of Mme. Récamier, than M. de Montmorency, but his friendship was of a less devoted and disinterested character, and in his intercourse with her he seems never to have lost sight of the supreme object of his selfish gratification. The last one hundred and twenty pages of the first volume are chiefly devoted to the history of his attachment to Mme. Récamier, and his letters to her. We confess that we do not see any adequate reason for the publication of most of these letters. Those who have read the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* are already fully acquainted with all the facts to which they relate, and with that astounding self-occupation and self-glorification which formed the weak side of that writer's character. We lament to see them still further displayed. M. de Chateaubriand had qualities which entitle him to respect. At a time of universal meanness, cowardice, and servility he maintained a firm and dignified resistance

to the insolent tyranny of Napoleon. It is little to say of such a man that he was utterly inaccessible to the vulgar seductions of pecuniary interest. The very intensity of his self-esteem placed him far above the possibility of feeling humiliated by poverty, or exalted by wealth; but it was no small merit in so vain a man to disdain a power which could have placed him in the most conspicuous stations in the eyes of Europe. When the Restoration arrived, it might have been thought that his road to the highest offices in the state was clear. But the Restoration deviated from the path which he thought the only true and loyal one, and M. de Chateaubriand was again in opposition and disfavor, having been summarily dismissed from office by the sovereign he had served. To crown all, when the errors against which he had protested had brought down the legitimate throne, M. de Chateaubriand remained faithful to the princes whom he had disapproved and offended; and having had no share in their delinquencies, he chose to share the consequences of them.

There is so much that is noble and affecting in his career, that we would fain forget that such qualities were united to others, which it is impossible to think of without something approaching to contempt. If we had a less lively sense of the noble parts of M. de Chateaubriand's character, we should call his vanity and conceit, his wayward fancies, his fretful lamentations and jealous suspicions, ludicrous. That Mme. Récamier, after reigning so long over others, should have voluntarily taken upon herself so intolerable a burden as that of the discontents of an insatiable vanity, has always seemed to us the strongest proof that every woman, sooner or later, feels the necessity of making herself a slave.

"Mme. Récamier," says Mme. Lenormant, "had a degree of pity and sympathy for the sufferings of *amour-propre*, which are rarely granted them. Nobody knew so well how to dress the wounds which are not avowed, to calm or soothe the bitterness of literary jealousies or hates. Everybody who approached her experienced, more or less, that, for all moral sufferings, for all those pains of the imagination, which acquire such a fearful intensity in certain minds, she was the Sister of Charity, *par excellence*. Over and above all the charming gifts she had received from Heaven, she had two very rare qualities—she

could listen, and she could occupy herself about others."

This we believe to be strictly true, and no doubt she felt that her wonderful power of pouring balm into wounded spirits, would find ample exercise with M. de Chateaubriand. She continued to perform the task to the last day of his life. For, as M. de Chateaubriand himself said to her with that exquisite grace of style which constituted the real charm of his writings and the secret of his success:—

"Songez qu'il faut que nous achevions nos jours ensemble. Je vous fais un triste présent que de vous donner le reste de ma vie; mais prenez-la, et si j'ai perdu des jours j'ai de quoi rendre meilleurs ceux qui seront tous pour vous."—Vol. ii. p. 225.

The task was rendered still more difficult by the fact that M. de Montmorency and M. de Chateaubriand were political rivals, and that the former was in fact ejected from the office of Foreign Minister of Louis XVIII. by the irritable ambition of the latter. All the tact of Mme. Récamier must have been required to maintain an equality of friendship and regard between two rivals at once in private and in public life. Yet even in this she succeeded.

To this period, the serene evening of her days, seems most properly to belong the portrait of M. Ballanche, who in fact occupied an apartment in the same retreat, and was an essential portion of her chosen circle. M. Ballanche was the son of a printer at Lyons. In the intervals of his attention to that business, he had cultivated his natural taste for poetry and philosophy, which finally procured for him the reputation of one of the best prose writers of his age, and raised him to a seat in the French Academy. Perhaps his "Orphée," and his "Essais sur la Palingénésie Sociale," are already almost forgotten, but his style and his learning deserved a better fate. At the time Mme. Récamier first knew him in Lyons he was obscure. He was laboring under the depression resulting from a disappointment in love, and was singularly *gauche* and timid:—

"His ugliness," says Mme. Lenormant, "had something strange about it. It was the result of an accident, or rather, of an imprudence. He had put himself into the hands of a charlatan, to be cured of violent headaches from which he suffered. The treatment

prescribed by the quack had been followed by caries of the jaw-bone, part of which had to be removed. He had likewise to undergo the operation of trepanning. One side of his face was consequently completely deformed. The deformity of his features was, however, compensated by magnificent eyes, a lofty forehead, a singular expression of gentleness, and, at certain moments, a sort of inspired look, which rendered it impossible not to perceive what noble and beautiful qualities were hidden beneath that unsightly exterior."

The first sight of M. Ballanche was a kind of shock; but it was impossible to see him often without feeling attracted, and even attached, by the simplicity, modesty, and benevolence, so unmistakable in his conversation and manner. It seemed as if in that remarkable group, the part allotted to M. Ballanche was to counteract the effect produced by M. de Chateaubriand, whose presence was saddening and oppressive. He was generally silent, and his silence was not even passive; it seemed an expression of dissatisfaction and contempt. The relation between Ballanche and Mme. Récamier was in every respect most remarkable. From the moment he saw her, she took entire possession of him. From that day it may, without the least exaggeration, be said, that he lived only to worship and to serve her, without a pretension or a hope beyond that of being permitted to do so. He never aspired to be a lover, he was a devotee, of Mme. Récamier; and she, on her part, repaid him with entire confidence and affection.

The intimacy between Mme. Récamier and M. de Chateaubriand dates from 1818. She was then living in an hotel Rue d'Anjou, which she had purchased and fitted up, and where she hoped to pass the rest of her life in peace and security though not in splendor. But she was destined to experience another reverse of fortune. After generously giving up a part of her own fortune to prevent a second catastrophe in her husband's affairs, she soon had the cruel certainty that her sacrifices had been in vain; she determined, therefore, to withdraw entirely from the world and to take up her abode in a religious community which would justify her in separating herself from M. Récamier. She engaged to maintain him out of the wreck of her own fortune, on condition that he never again engaged in speculations which had been so fatal to him. To the last moment of his life, and

was his kindest and most constant friend, and provided for all his wants with affectionate care. A new era in Mme. Récamier's life, therefore, begins from the day when she established herself at the Abbaye aux bois.

It was thus, surrounded by those who never ceased to pay her in her later age the same affectionate homage which her beauty had commanded in earlier life, that Mme. Récamier passed the last thirty years of her existence. The most eventful period of her career was past; though it was still her fate to witness two revolutions, which once more frustrated the sanguine hopes of her friends and overthrew the constitutional monarchy of France. Still she kept the noiseless tenor of her way, and, indeed, as the chief happiness of her life lay in the society of her friends, so the only calamity she feared was the last separation from them. In her latter years, blindness, as in the case of Mme. du Deffand,

was added to her other trials; yet what a contrast between the peevish and irritable being whose letters we reverted to in our last number, and the serenity, grace, and contentment which Mme. Récamier preserved unbroken in her retreat! Thus she lived, and thus, in May, 1849, she died, being carried off suddenly by an attack of Asiatic cholera—a disease she had always dreaded. Of her character the reader will already have received a sufficient impression from this sketch of her life. Her tastes were elegant; her disposition benevolent; her temperament unimpassioned; probably her talents were considerably below the standard of her reputation. But by her incomparable tact she left her mark on the French society of the nineteenth century, and we are persuaded that many of our readers will derive great pleasure from following the record of her life in greater detail through these very interesting and curious volumes.

NATURAL OYSTER BEDS.—Along the Jersey shore, where the rivers empty into salt water, there exists large natural oyster beds, whence are procured the seed oysters which supply the planted beds. In the spring, the oyster in the natural bed deposits its spawn—a white gelatinous substance, which adheres to whatever it touches—and in this way spreads a large growth of small oysters, some not larger than the head of a pin. From these seed-beds the oysters are taken and laid in the shoal salt water, to be easily taken up when wanted, and where they remain for several years, till they get of sufficient size for market. Thousands of bushels of the small seed oysters are in this way distributed along the shore on the planting grounds, or sold to be carried away for planting to other states. The practice is to take these seed oysters away in the spring and fall. If allowed to remain in their beds over fall, they will separate and spread, but if removed at that period of the year the young oysters die by thousands. If they do not get bedded early in the mud, the tides, blown out by the winds, leave them exposed, or, adhering to the ice in the winter, they are lifted out of their beds and either carried away or crushed. Unless something is done for the protection of these natural oyster beds, it is believed that they will all be destroyed, and even those engaged in the business, it is said, acknowledge the destructiveness of the present mode of operation, and desire that the period of

taking the oysters for planting shall be confined to the spring of the year. Forty days from the 1st of April, it is believed, would be sufficient for all planting purposes, and an effort will be made at Trenton to get the legislature to limit the planting to that period. Clams have been nearly destroyed by the continued raking of the bars, and the seed is now only kept up by those hid in the bottoms of the deep channels.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Pictures of the Chinese, Drawn by Themselves
Described by the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, M.A.,
Rector of Bromley, Salop, late Archdeacon of
Ningpo. Murray.

THIS is one of the quaintest and most entertaining of the gift books of the season. It is a series of sketches of Chinese character by a Chinese John Leech, whose heads of his own people, done after the manner of his country, are true enough to instruct the schoolmaster, and comical enough to amuse the idliest boy. Here are the priest, the physician, the cook, the florist, scavenger, tailor, every calling of the North Chinaman represented by a portrait of one of its members with his proper tools or stock in trade. Each picture is expounded by Mr. Cobbold, who has brought the collection home for us, and the descriptions, like the sketches themselves, are full of life and information. There is not a waste or wordy paragraph in the whole volume.—*Examiner.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

GIULIO.

If there had been any doubt remaining in the minds of Foliot and the abbot as to Prior Hugh's complicity in the attempted abduction of the Lady Gladice, it was speedily set at rest as soon as they were enabled to hear her own story. Nothing would have induced her, she assured the superior, to have quitted the protection of the abbey walls for a moment, but the personal assurance of the prior that Longchamp himself had sent an escort for her, in order that she might join him at Huntingdon—an assertion which had been backed by a pretended letter which he had shown her as from the abbot himself. Of the other agents in the attempt she declared herself wholly ignorant; so far as her alarm had permitted her to take any notice of the men who had sprung upon the boat after it crossed the stream, she had no previous recollection, of their persons, though one voice among them seemed familiar to her. She was unwilling, indeed, to speak at all upon this part of the affair, and colored and trembled so painfully at the abbot's questioning, kind and considerate as it was, that he soon forbore to press it. Her own suspicions, pointed, no doubt to the same quarter as before. It scarcely needed the additional fact of Waryn's having followed the party of horsemen from Huntingdon, to indicate Sir Nicholas le Hardi as the principal in this second outrage, whether he were actually present or not.

The suspicion was reduced to a certainty before nightfall. The poor tirewoman, as to whose fate Gladice had been in such painful anxiety, reached the abbey half dead with terror and fatigue, a few hours after the abbot's arrival. It would have been long before the terrified Bertha could have made her story sufficiently intelligible, had not her listeners been prepared to supply its defects, and interpret its confusion, from their own knowledge of the events of the past night. The two Benedictines who had been Gladice's companions in the boat had pushed off up the stream at the first alarm from Foliot's party, carrying the girl with them. Her mouth had been tightly muffled from the first to prevent her shrieks from attracting notice, and in this state they had conveyed her some distance up the river. They had themselves landed on the side next the abbey (where Waryn

had found the boat), after leaving the girl on the other bank, bidding her take her way back to Willan's Hope, and threatening her with vengeance if she again made her appearance at the monastery. To Willan's Hope, accordingly, as her nearest safe refuge, poor Bertha had striven to find her way, but, frightened and bewildered as she was, had lost herself in the flooded meadows, and been found at daylight lying utterly chilled and exhausted, and carried into a swineherd's hut. From thence, as soon as her strength was partially recovered, she had made her way back to Rivalsby, thinking that there alone she could hear tidings of her young mistress, and not having the courage, indeed, to return, to Dame Elfhild with such a miserable story. She had distinguished Foliot's voice as one of those who had come to the rescue; and though her captors had hurried her from the spot before she could tell what the issue had been, this recollection had given her some hope of her lady's safety. Another voice, too, she had recognized very distinctly amongst their assailants; it was that of Sir Nicholas' foreign esquire, whom she had seen more than once at Willan's Hope. It was a reminiscence, it appeared, in which poor Bertha was not likely to be mistaken; for Dubois, whose conversational talents almost equalled his master's, had ingratiated himself considerably with the maiden during his visit there; partly, no doubt, under the natural attraction of a dimpled cheek and blue eyes; but mainly, it must be conceded to the Gascon's practical and business-like habits, in the hope to extract from her, in their confidential moments, some account of the stranger lady whom he had heard was lying sick there—whom he thought it possible (after Sir Nicholas' story of the vision in Cuthwin's hut) to identify with Isola—but of whom Bertha had very little to tell, and, remembering her lady's injunctions, was prudent enough not to communicate even the little she knew. Late in the afternoon, when it suited his own leisure and convenience, the swineherd who had given her shelter had carried some distorted version of the girl's tale to the old tower; and within an hour or two of Bertha's re-appearance at the abbey, Gladice was not a little cheered and comforted by the arrival of her aunt under the trusty guard of old Warenger. Dame Elfhild whose affection for her niece was strong and genuine, had lost no time in set-

ting out in person for Rivelaby, in order to ascertain at once the truth or falsehood of the alarming intelligence which had reached her. If it should prove (as she could not help suspecting) that Le Hardi had been the originator of this unscrupulous attempt, she had resolved herself to seek the bishop of Ely and demand redress; for though she had favored the knight's suit so long as it was carried on according to the laws of knighthood and courtesy, and might even have looked with indulgence upon some act of lover-like boldness which might serve to overcome scruples which she thought unreasonable, her love for Gladice was too real not to recoil with abhorrence from any actual outrage upon her feelings; and the forcing a maiden from the protection of the church was a deed which bore a very different aspect in her eyes, from winning the same fair prize in any lawful combat. It only needed to have seen the tears of joy with which they embraced each other, when she found her still unharmed within the friendly walls of Rivelaby, to be assured that, however the elder and the younger might differ in some of their views of love and marriage, there was a hearty sympathy between the two. It was not difficult to prevail upon Dame Elfhild to remain for the present as the abbot's guest: if peril was at hand, she was quite content to share it with her niece; and though the old seneschal insisted on returning to his vacant charge at Willan's Hope—his fear of incurring Sir Godfrey's displeasure coinciding, in this case, with his sense of strict military duty—yet he consented to leave behind him at the abbey, as a personal guard for his mistress, half a dozen stout retainers, who formed a very welcome reinforcement to the little garrison.

The abbot had already visited the infirmary in company with Foliot, in the hope of obtaining some further information from the wounded prisoners whom the charity of the Benedictines had carried into the monastery. They found that one of them was already dead. The other still lay speechless; an arrow had pierced through both cheeks, wounding the tongue in its passage. It had been found also, upon examination, that he had been badly wounded in the side. As he lay upon his pallet, his head and face carefully bandaged by the good brethren's hands, Waryn fancied that he recognized the pale and swollen features, but could not call to

mind where or when he had seen them. The wounded man's eyes were closed, and he appeared to be sleeping; and as they found he had not spoken, save in rare monosyllables, and that with apparent difficulty, since he had been carried in, the abbot and his companion withdrew without subjecting their prisoner to any attempt at examination.

Rivelaby had other additions to its guests that evening. Father Giacomo had arrived there safely towards nightfall with his young charge, who was welcomed back amongst the brotherhood with hearty delight. Giulio's re-appearance, in the present troubled state of their affairs, was a visible and wholesome relief, both to the monks and their superior. Abbot Martin had bidden most of the officers of the house to his private table at supper hour, in celebration of his safe return to them, and with the desire to efface as far as possible the painful feelings which might have been caused by the prior's treachery and disgrace. If others of the fraternity had been privy to his designs—and the abbot could not conceal from himself that it must have been so, at least to some extent—he trusted that the disaffection was confined to a few, and having secured the chief criminal, was willing to spare himself the pain of detecting and punishing the accomplices. But the meal would have been a very restrained and cheerless one, but for Giulio's presence.

Happily unconscious of the mutual embarrassment and distrust which kept many of his elders silent—some from self-accusation, others from the fear of being wrongfully suspected—the boy conversed freely with all, and often served as a valuable medium for the flagging conversation. Even Andrew the sacrist was grave beyond his wont, or found the atmosphere too uncongenial to venture upon the mildest of his usual jests, though he sat next sub-prior Simon, who supplied unflinching capital as a subject, the more valuable because he was himself unconscious of the application, and though the abbot was not wont to check such sallies unless they threatened to pass the bounds of good-humor. Waryn Foliot was plainly infected with the prevailing restraint, and was as silent as any of the party: either his thoughts were occupied by the cares of his new position (for the abbot had claimed his services as aide-de-camp in the somewhat delicate office of managing Dannequin and his troop), or he missed the eloquent eyes

which had that morning thanked him for his good service of the night past. Dame Elfhild, indeed, whose spirits rose with emergencies, would fain have had her niece grace the superior's table with her presence, which she represented as an act of gratitude and duty; but Gladice might well be excused if she felt unequal to a public appearance, and the elder lady was reluctantly compelled to sup in private also. It might, indeed, have been the fluent converse of the latter which Foliot missed, for she had been most liberal in her professions of gratitude on her niece's behalf, whereas Gladice herself had scarce bestowed five words on him. But Giulio talked to all who were within reach to listen. The sad and anxious face which the abbot himself wore at intervals, in spite of his efforts to set the others at their ease, brightened into a smile as often as he addressed the little guest who sat on his left hand, or replied to his frequent remarks and inquiries. Favorite as he had been with them all during his brief sojourn amongst them, the brethren of Rivelshy had never yet had such occasion to bless the innocent eyes and fearless smile which had lighted the gloom of the cloister, as on that evening of a day of trouble, when the boy's bright looks and bold words at once relieved and rebuked the suspicions and jealousies of manhood.

The superior was not sorry to bring to an early close a banquet so unlike his usual genial though temperate hospitalities. Giacomo followed him to his apartment with the boy, for whom Wolfert was to give up again his little chamber in the wall. The Italian had consented to this arrangement at the abbot's special request.

"Bear with me in this," he said, as he kissed the boy's fair curls before parting with him for the night; "he is a comfort to me in this trouble; and, unreasonable as it seems, I think I could not rest to-night unless I had personal assurance of his safety."

"Be it so, my lord abbot, be it so," replied the other, with a sad smile. "I have learnt to acknowledge that you have a better claim to his love than I. He should rest well here, living or dead," he continued in a low tone, "for they of his blood sleep passing sound at Rivelshy."

"What say you?" exclaimed the abbot, starting as he closed the door of the boy's

resting-place; "who is the child, then? speak—I have had patience long."

"You have—yet I did but withhold the knowledge while I thought it would harm you. He is the lord of Ladysmede, by King Richard's grace."

"How?" said the churchman; "whose son is he?"

"He is the child of Miles de Burgh."

"Say you so indeed?" said the abbot; "the son of noble Sir Miles, mine own friend and comrade?—alas! in days that were. We rode together as esquires to King Henry. I buckled on his spurs the day he was made knight," continued the churchman, warming with the reminiscences of his youth; "I was as proud as if the honor had been mine own! But does Sir Godfrey know of this?"

"He does."

"And would withhold from him his lawful rights?"

"It seems so. Listen," continued the Italian, fixing his dark eyes upon the abbot, and speaking in his most earnest tone; "I would do Sir Godfrey no wrong. I will be just to him, and to others, if I can. Let him be what he may, he is not more guilty than the man who stands before you. For years he knew not of this child's existence. When Sir Miles died"—the Italian's clear voice trembled—"King Richard was absent, and Prince John received his cousin Sir Godfrey's homage, and seized him of the lands of Ladysmede. It was hard when, long time afterwards, he learned that King Richard had promised investiture to this boy. I say it was excusable in a stout knight to hold to so fair an inheritance, if he might; he would scarce be over-hasty in giving credit to a tale brought him by—such as I."

"You?" said the abbot; "how came you to be the child's protector?"

"That, too, you shall hear. My protection, if so you call it, seemed powerless enough. I had little proof, save my own word and knowledge, of the boy's parentage. Sir Miles had left him in the wardship of King Richard: the knight was in much favor with his majesty, as you doubtless know."

"I know," said the abbot. "He turned a Cypriot blade when the crosses stormed Limisso, which else had left England kingless. It wellnigh cost him his own life."

"The king was not ungrateful," said the

Italian: "when the knight lay on his death-bed in Palestine, he left this boy—his only child—as a dying pledge to his sovereign."

"He sank under the pestilence, did he not? It was a sorry death for such a man as Miles de Burgh. Would God he had fallen in fair field, as a good knight should!"

"Would God he had!" echoed Giacomo, earnestly. He paused a moment, and there seemed a choking in his throat. "Listen again; when Giulia Cameldoni fled from her novitiate with Miles de Burgh—you had left Genoa, as I remember—none knew whither they were gone. On the same day my unhappy sister was missed from her convent; it was believed that they had fled together. Soon a whisper rose that both had been betrayed and dishonored by a false marriage. Sir Nicholas le Hardi"—his voice lost its tremor, and became hoarse with passion—"for I learnt afterwards whence the slander grew—had been heard to boast that the priest who joined their hands—they were wedded on the same day—had been no priest, but a creature of his own. It was false—false as he who said it,"—he continued, as the abbot seemed about to interrupt him; "but there was too much reason then to believe it. It was no good report that Le Hardi had borne; the marvel was, that he and Miles de Burgh should have been such close companions. The slander spread; bitter as you know Giulia's kinsmen were against the English, they believed it. But they were jealous of the honor of their house; she returned and died in childbirth, and the Cameldoni buried their wrongs in silence; for the English knights had sailed, it was said, for Normandy. Not so with me. Stricken as I had been with this double blow,—the woman I had silently but madly loved, the sister who was my sole tie to life, both lost to me forever—and so lost!—Will you wonder, abbot, if I were mad?—if I forswore my vows—if I went forth no longer a believer in the justice of Heaven, or the honor of woman, or the truth of man—if I plunged into reckless vice, and became—what I am now?"

He stopped, and the abbot murmured an interjection of compassion.

"But I nursed one hope still—it was revenge. I followed on their track to Normandy; I lost them there. Year after year, in England, in France, in Italy,—I had acquired a wondrous gift of tongues,—I sought

those who had wronged me. Then it was that I became the friend and associate, as I was well fit to be, of Godfrey de Burgh; from him I learnt that Sir Miles was in the Holy Land. I followed, and at length I heard of him—dying, it was said, in the lazaret-house at Acre. I sought him out there. I went as a Christian priest—I!—in pretext, to shrive the dying—for the heathen were merciful, and I had learnt their language, and I bribed them to let me pass. I found him recovering; my skill of medicine sufficed to tell me that; and I stabbed him where he lay."

The abbot had listened to this point, breathless, with parted lips and a face of horror. He tried to interrupt the speaker, but the words died away in the Italian's rapid and impassioned torrent of confession.

"Saints in Heaven!" he cried at last, as he stepped a pace backward—"is it Miles de Burgh of whom you speak still—foully murdered—and by your hand?"

"Curse me if you will, my lord abbot. He forgave me, for I wist not what I did."

"Seek Heaven's forgiveness," said the abbot, hiding his face and turning from him—"you have sore need."

Giacomo was calmer than his companion now.

"Your cloister talk," said he, "is of penance and vow and expiation. What think you of the penance of life, with such a burden as mine? What is existence itself but a hell, with such remembrances?"

Abbot Martin had sat down, and covered his eyes with his hand. It seemed as if he could not look upon the face of his gallant comrade's murderer.

"I have more to tell, before I can deliver you from my presence. Too late, I learnt the truth; for I was not satisfied until I had told him, as he lay bleeding before me, who it was that had struck the blow, and why. I meant it should add bitterness to death—my vengeance had been tasteless otherwise. Yes, father,"—for he saw the abbot's shudder—"there are foul depths in some hearts that appall a nature such as yours. But mark, how wondrously—is it not so written?—the one great Alchemist transmutes evil into good. It was so that from his own lips I learned that Giulia had lived and died a pure wedded wife, and that I had struck as true and gentle a heart as ever brought honor upon knight-hood! It was later that I heard who had

forged the slander for his own base purposes. For one thing yet I would bless Heaven, if I dared, that she for whom I struck that felon blow, was not living still to curse me."

"It was well," said Abbot Martin, breathing hard, without looking at him, "it was well."

"One care he had before he died—it was for his orphan child, whom he had never seen, for the Cameldoni had kept him from his father. Humbled, on my knees, I swore to do his last bidding, before I fled the place. He gave me, traced with his dying hand, a token for King Richard; and when Sir Marmaduke Foliot, to whom I bore it, put it into his hand, the king swore, as I have heard, before them all, by the Holy City, that he would surely set the boy in his father's place at Ladysmede."

"And why then," said the abbot, "did you not seek King Richard himself, when you had found the boy?"

"It was long before I could obtain possession of him—it were idle to tell you now, what watching and pains it cost me. But who would have admitted a wandering monk like me into the royal presence? and what proof had I to give then of the child's lawful parentage? the word of an apostate Benedictine? and the witness of a noble knight against me—for Sir Nicholas was there, and high in the royal favor. It were even safer to trust to Sir Godfrey to do the boy justice at the last. But I will not burden you with my presence longer," said Giacomo, almost humbly, after a pause. "I have told you, for you had won the right to my confession. But you can understand now why I have been so long loth to tell that for which you, too, would come at last to abhor me. I leave the boy with you—he must learn, if he lives, to look upon my face but seldom. I think I will not see him again till I can win him justice either from the legate or King Richard. Only one thing I will ask, which you will grant for his sake—and for *hers*—let him never know how often he hath slept in the arms of his father's murderer."

Giacomo was leaving the apartment slowly, when the abbot rose and made a motion to stay him. A shadow was on his face, but his voice had in some degree regained its calmness. The Italian stopped, and waited for him to speak, looking at him with fixed and sorrowful eyes.

"Tell me one thing more, unhappy man,"

said the superior: "with the father's blood upon your head, you have dared to win the love and confidence of this innocent child—nay, and your own love for him has been deep and real, for I have seen it. In such a case, I should have surely thought his every look and touch had been horror!"

"It was so once; it is so now at times," said Giacomo. "But I had made a promise, which I have striven to keep. I said that he forgave me before he died. Wretch that I was, I was the only Christian, even in name, to whom he could speak in his last hours. And I swore to him whom I had murdered, that if I lived, I would live only to save Giulia's child from wrong. I took the vow as a self-punishment—but if there is any thing yet left in me which good men would not hate, it is what that vow has made me. The child became to me as my own."

"But why," said the abbot, "have you kept this secret so long, and suffered the boy to be in Sir Godfrey's hands at Ladysmede, unacknowledged, and—as you have told us—even in danger of his life?"

"Sir Godfrey, I have said, had long been my only friend. Do not ask what our ties were—it was the fellowship of the wicked, you may be sure. It chanced that he owed his life to me—perhaps for that reason I had a strange kindness for him. I had no proofs that I could have laid before King Richard that Giulio was Sir Miles' lawful son. Isola only knew certainly of the marriage, and she would not speak—she was ever hoping to obtain the acknowledgment of her own. Sir Godfrey was childless; he had promised me that, when King Richard should return, this boy should abide the royal judgment, even if it went to give him back his father's manors. I was forced to be content. Then came this Sir Nicholas to Ladysmede, and so wrought upon de Burgh's worst nature, that he had even sworn in his cups that the brat were easily disposed of. This much I heard; of their other counsels, you may have guessed as much as I. There is no more to tell. I would rid your house of my presence, but that even sin may claim a sanctuary here."

"It may claim more from me," said Abbot Martin. "If Miles de Burgh forgave you, I may surely say, Go in peace! Heaven is not less merciful than man!"

The Italian bent his head upon his hands, and left the chamber.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MUSTER AT LADYSMEDE.

"EVERY man to harness!" shouted Sir Godfrey de Burgh, as he dashed across the drawbridge into his own courtyard at Ladysmede. Hasty as the summons was, it had not been unexpected. For two days past, all in the immediate neighborhood of the manor who owed him suit and service had held themselves in readiness, having received warning that in all likelihood their aid would be soon required; and his own personal following had either accompanied him in his late journey to Huntingdon, or had remained under arms within the manor itself. Though not held worthy to share their lord's councils so far as to be in the secret of the conspiracy against Longchamp, many of them had gleaned intelligence enough to be aware that there was some daring enterprise on foot. So that it offered reasonable prospect of fighting and plundering, few of them were inclined to be over-curious as to its object or its merits.

Yet it was with very mixed feelings that the riders of Ladysmede, when mustered under the banner of their chief, heard the word passed for Rivalsby. Amongst them were those who, ignorant as they might be themselves of religious truths, had a feeling as near akin to reverence as their rude nature would admit, not unmixed with something like regard, for the sacred brotherhood whom they looked upon as mediators between themselves and Heaven. Though upon their own lips an oath was the favorite form of prayer, they liked well that others should be engaged in a service for which they had themselves neither taste nor leisure; and when the chime of the abbey bells came to them over the river-flats, whether it were morning or evening, midnight or cock-crowing, they had a comfortable feeling that something was going on which was intended for their benefit, little as they understood how. Many, again, amongst Sir Godfrey's followers, either in their own persons or in their families, had received aid or kindness from the ready charity of their Benedictine neighbors, and were sufficiently conscious of their obligations to feel a troublesome qualm of conscience at the thought of discharging them in such fashion. But there were others to whom the prospect of a raid upon the monks was acceptable

enough. Rivalsby had stood unharmed since the Danes had left it. The Conqueror's protection had been cheaply purchased by a timely offering of silver, with which the abbot of that day, wise in his generation, had accompanied his submission. Even King Stephen's hand—thanks to the powerful protection of Ladysmede, as has been said—had been laid on them but lightly. The brotherhood of St. Mary had ever been rich and prosperous; and any rumors of the difficulties of late years which had found their way abroad were but little credited. If the abbey tenants complained of exactions, so did tenants usually, then and always; and if their clerkly landlords justified their demands on the plea of their own urgent necessities, that also was a plea which had been heard before, and was interpreted in a very conventional sense. Certain it was that both in the gorgeous appointments of their Church and its many altars, as well as in their munificent hospitalities, Rivalsby gave all the tokens of a wealthy house. These things, said popular rumor, were but the outside husk of untold treasures within, hidden as much as possible from profane eyes and imaginations. No wonder if some who rode with Sir Godfrey de Burgh longed to be initiated into such mysteries.

The knight himself, as he re-appeared at his own door after hasty refreshment—for rest he cared little—looked in one of his darkest moods. News had reached him, whilst awaiting, in Lord de Lacy's castle near Huntingdon, the result of their combinations for the surprise and capture of Longchamp, that the legate had suddenly relinquished his intention of visiting Michamstede and Rivalsby, and was already on his route back to Ely. There could be little doubt but that he had received, from some quarter, a warning of the designs against him. He himself, indeed, had shown his wonted contempt of his enemies even while he had been at so much pains to foil their plans; for he had taken care to drop certain words at Huntingdon which, carried as they were sure to be to De Lacy and his friends, proved him to have been pretty accurately informed of all their projected movements. In a camp of conspirators, under such circumstances, no man feels sure that his most trusted friend may not be the traitor; and Sir Godfrey's suspicions, at first, pointed to his

late guest, the Crusader; more especially since he had not accompanied him to de Lacy's, but had remained behind, under some pretext, at Huntingdon. He had too good reason to believe that Le Hardi would not hesitate to sacrifice his associates, if it were necessary, to advance his own interests or secure his safety. It chanced, however, that one of De Lacy's men had seen Foliot in conversation with the chaplain of Ladysmede, in his yeoman's habit, in the streets of Huntingdon. He had not known at the time who the stranger was, but with Foliot's person he was well acquainted, and knew him to be one of those who had come into the town in the train of William of Ely. The man was riding in his master's company on the morning when Sir Godfrey had been accosted on his road by Giacomo, and then recognized in the Italian the same yeoman whom he had seen Waryn follow from the court and engage in conversation. He had attached no kind of importance to this circumstance at the time; but when it became evident that the counsels of the conspirators had by some means been betrayed to the legate, and when Lord de Lacy and others, no longer careful as before to conceal their plans from their followers, began to talk openly of treachery amongst themselves, the man was struck with the apparent fact of the yeoman's confidential relations with both parties, and communicated what he had seen to his master. A quarrel had wellnigh followed between De Lacy and his hot-tempered ally. Sir Godfrey, however, succeeded in persuading his friend that he at least was no traitor; but when he recalled his chaplain's unusual demeanor and language at that last interview upon the road, his presence in disguise at the trial at Huntingdon, and his reported communications with Longchamp, he felt no doubt but that he had by some means become possessed of the secret of their intrigues, and had given the prelate such information as had enabled him, for the present, to baffle them so successfully. Of the Italian's wonderful capacity for obtaining possession of other men's secrets, he had formed that exaggerated notion which a rude and ignorant mind always entertains of subtler intellects. The bitter outburst of wrath which he now vented against him in De Lacy's presence, as soon as this suspicion crossed his mind, was too plainly genuine to be assumed; and when on the day following Sir Nicholas made his ap-

pearance, with a cloud upon his brow, and in a temper even worse than his companions', and told Sir Godfrey so much as he saw fit of the tidings he had received from Rivalsby (where he had his informants still) of the prior's disgrace, of the steps taken by the abbot for the defence of his house, and of the certainty of the boy having been again carried thither by Giacomo—of the Lady Gladice he said no word—it was with a burst of triumphant malice that the knight of Ladysmede, as he rose to take sudden leave of his host, swore that the Benedictines should rue the hour in which they had made an enemy of him.

"Will you be with me in this quarrel, my lord of Lacy?" said the knight; "these churchmen have store of wealth, for all that Sir Nicholas hath pinched them somewhat hard of late—for his sacred majesty's service. They are given to store it away in holes, like pyets, having no reasonable use for it—it were charity to help them to spend it bravely. Your fair Dame Alice is much given to pious courses, as I hear, and would fain be twice a saint because her lord is something of a sinner. They have painted copies of the Gospels at Rivalsby that are set in jewels, men say, that a queen might envy—one of such godly gifts were a very fitting love-token for her?—or, if she condescends to vanities of apparel, which come amiss to few of her sex, saints or sinners—why, I have seen rich stuffs on those lazy drones' backs at vespers that would shame an empress—they go as fine, on holydays, as cloth-of-gold can make them. Come, do something for love, as I will for vengeance—'twill keep our fellows' hands in, too, to cut the throats of these Brabanterers."

"I will meet you at Rivalsby, Sir Godfrey," replied De Lacy, "for it would be a shame to leave Prior Hugh to this bold churchman's mercies—they are as tender to one another, in such cases, as wolves; I only fear lest we may arrive only in time to recover the carcass. I have heard of their building up a dear brother in a stone wall, with a pound loaf of bread to last his life, for a less matter. But I will have none of the Church's plunder for me or mine. There hath never been an heir to Briansbury since Earl Walter drove the cows forth of St. Cuthbert's."

De Lacy did not care to hear even the name of his new-made bride from the free lips of the knight of Ladysmede.

Sir Nicholas le Hardi had returned with

his friend to the manor, and now rode by his side, silent and reserved, as the party moved down the slope towards Rivelisby. Impatient as Sir Godfrey was, he had to wait some time before even his own personal followers from Ladysmede could arm and get to horse. It seemed to him an age before they were fairly in motion. The friends and vassals upon whose aid he reckoned, and who were near enough to answer to such a hasty call, had been ordered to join him at Swinford Mill; and there the knights and their followers halted for a while to collect their strength before pushing on for the monastery. Every moment of inactivity was a penance to Sir Godfrey in his present temper; seizing a field-trumpet from one of his men, he sounded from his deep chest a rapid succession of calls, so strong and clear in tone, and so perfectly modulated, that they moved even from the Crusader a half-sarcastic admiration. It was the one solitary accomplishment, not exclusively of a warlike character, on which de Burgh prided himself; it was held to be a gift hereditary to those of his blood.

Slowly, by twos and threes, riders came trooping up; and it was not long before their numbers presented an array which, though of somewhat miscellaneous composition, seemed more than sufficient to strike terror into the defenders of Rivelisby. This force would probably increase threefold before the day closed; for De Burgh's power and influence as holding the shrievalty of his county, was very considerable, to say nothing of the temptation of monastic plunder.

Picot had been lounging in the courtyard as was his wont, though during Sir Godfrey's absence his leisure time had been much divided between the manor and the abbey. He had listened to the knight's hurried order as one little concerned in aggressive measures against any enemies but those recognized in venery. He might have been included, no doubt, if he had wished, in the motley crowd of half-armed footmen that followed at the horsemen's heels; but the hunter did not care to draw a bow except in the lawful exercise of his craft, and had a very determined objection against becoming himself a mark for any warlike sportsman. Probably for this reason, as soon as he understood his lord's present purpose, he whistled carelessly to his hounds, and as soon as the knight's back was turned, walked quietly under the wall into the meadow.

He sauntered at an easy pace so long as he supposed himself to be within view of the manor; but no sooner had he reached the cover of the wood that lay between him and the river, than he dashed off at a run towards Swinford Mill. He reached it long before Sir Godfrey and his party had started; but he stopped when he came out upon the beaten road, and walked into the miller's barton with as easy a gait as though he came upon no particular business.

His friend the stout miller, however, saw something in his friend's face that made him take him aside at once out of the hearing of any but themselves. It was not the first time that there had been secrets between them; and some suspicious-looking joints that hung drying in the smoke of the open chimney near which they stood—which, if they were mutton-hams, as the miller would have called them, were mutton of a very peculiar breed—might, if examined, have thrown some light upon their former transactions.

"'Tis an age since thou wast here last," said the miller, as he led him in—"but welcome still, for all that. And what news, now?"

"I cannot a while to drink, Rob," said the hunter, staying his friend's arm, who was feeling in a well-known corner with hospitable intent. "The abbot of Rivelisby hath sore need of thy service, and that straight; go thou up with thy men, and take good weapons—ay, and clap two sacks of meal on the mare's back—if ye would not see Rivelisby burnt and plundered."

"How!" said the miller, nearly dropping the stone bottle, which he had laid hold of, in his consternation.

"There is that wild Dermot of the Heath and Boteler of Bury, and the Ganger of Long-hope, and I know not who besides—set on, they say, by the Lord de Lacy—who have sworn to hang the abbot in his own hall. They are marching thither now. He hath sent for aid to the bishop of Ely, but he will need help to hold his own till my lord send or come."

Picot said nothing of Sir Godfrey; for he knew that the miller would be sorely divided between his fealty to the abbot and his dread of his more powerful neighbor, if he should learn that the knight of Ladysmede was engaged in the quarrel. Rob, however, had a far more cunning head than his friend; and

he soon extracted from Picot's hurry and incaution quite sufficient to inform him how matters really stood. The result was, that after a careful weighing of the claims of duty and interest, which drove Picot nearly wild with impatience, and a brief consultation with a sharp little woman who exercised a disproportionate influence over her burly husband, the miller came to the conclusion that it would be safer to neglect his feudal superior's summons than to make an enemy of De Burgh. The abbot might deprive him of his holding, but with Sir Godfrey his life would not be safe.

"Tell the lord abbot," said he, "I am a man of peace. I will send Gib and Simkin, and as much good meal as the mare and two mules can carry—and if his reverence choose to keep the men there, he can do as seems him good. But I am naught myself, Picot, as thou very well knowest, when it comes to bills and bows. And why shouldst thou meddle thus on the monks' behalf, if they have angered thy master? Hast lost the little wit was in thee?"

"I had need have more wit than most men, for those I have had to deal with of late," replied the hunter in a tone of vexation. "Thou wilt not answer the good abbot at his need, then?"

"What shall come of the grist, if I be mewed up in a cloister for a month's leaguer?"

"Wilt see the church where good Sir Ivo and Dame Margaret lie buried, trodden under foot of these evil men?"

"I will see naught of it that I can help," said the miller, "but it should hardly wake them."

"Was ever such a beast!" said the hunter, in despair; "a word in thine ear, Rob."

He whispered something to him, which the dame did not catch, carefully as she listened.

"My bonnet and buff jerkin, wench!" exclaimed the miller, starting back, as it seemed, a new man, from Picot's last communication. "Dost hear?—bid the men follow me as fast as they may—on with thee first, Picot, for I am not quick of foot as thou art; but where I be once set, tell those at Rivelesby, they shall find me while the fight lasts dead or living."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ALARM.

THREE days had passed since the abbot's return, and still there came no tidings, anxiously as they were looked for, from William of Ely. Whether he had succeeded in finally crushing the machinations of his enemies, Prince John and his fellow-conspirators, or whether the danger which he had escaped at Hastingdon had met him in another form in another place, was still uncertain. There was little communication now between the monastery and the outer world; peril and suspicion were all around them, and Ladysmede was now looked upon as a more dangerous neighbor than ever. All was quiet, but there was too much reason to fear that the storm was only brooding in the atmosphere. The abbot employed the time in making such preparations as might be necessary in the event of the worst. Large requisitions of provisions of all kinds were made to the abbey tenants, and the sacrist and other officers of the house had been very energetic in supporting their demands in person; but in many cases the yearly rental in kind had been even anticipated, owing to the embarrassments of the abbey finances; and where money was scarce, it was not found that either threats or promises were very effectual. The supplies scarcely increased in proportion to the additional numbers for whom they were required. If fighting followed on good feeding, the Brabanters might be confidently depended upon to do good service if required, for they played their part at the board like old campaigners. They had been as orderly hitherto as could reasonably be expected from men of their habits; the abbot had taken care to fix their quarters, in the ample precincts of the abbey, where they should intrude as little as possible upon the sight or hearing of the religious fraternity; still from time to time sounds would find their way to the ears of the latter which caused a shudder amongst the more rigid disciplinarians; and even the gait and bearing of these new inmates, contrasting as it did so strongly with the sober walk and downcast look enjoined by their rule upon the Benedictines, was an offence in some of their eyes. The professional grumblers of the community, who had been wonderfully silent since Prior

Hugh had lain in the abbey prison, were beginning to take heart again, and found in the Brabanters a very legitimate subject for their strictures.

"There go the firkins of good ale for our abbot's friends again," said the sub-prior to one of the monks who was more than suspected of being in Prior Hugh's confidence, as they stood watching together the conveyance of sundry casks towards the foreigners' quarters.

"Ay," replied the other, "there is no stint there, Brother Simon, whatever may run short in the refectory. We are to have our poor corrodies of wine 'minished by one-half, as I hear, because we are victualling in case of siege, forsooth, and must husband somewhat—yon looks like it, doth it not?"

"And they were as drunk as Brabant swine last night, if howling and roaring be any token." Brother Simon was always sleepy and silent himself under the influence of good liquor. "What thinkest thou of our lord abbot's new body-guard?" he asked of Gervase, the kitchener, who came by at the moment.

Gervase's prudent soul had groaned in secret ever since he had been called upon to minister to the wants of his increased family, the new members of which seemed to have a more than monastic capacity both for solids and fluids.

"The lord abbot should know best," replied the kitchener; "but they seem to me a very costly security. I doubt if he might not have made terms with Sir Godfrey cheaper."

"A crying scandal to the house, I call it," said the prior's friend. "Such help as this is but a casting out of Satan by Satan. As well be plundered by him of Ladysmede as devoured by such a brood of locusts as these are."

"Dost think Sir Godfrey hath any such intent, in good earnest?" asked the sub-prior. He was indolently disinclined to give credit to any intelligence which threatened to interfere with his comforts.

"Well," said the other monk, looking carefully round him before he spoke—"so our abbot saith. That is, if certain chattels of his, that you wot of, be not given up to him."

"Ay," said Brother Simon, with a sigh expressing as much thought as he was capable of. He had no mind to counsel his superior to betray either the poor child or the dark-eyed beauty, but he foresaw very uncomfort-

able consequences from retaining them under the abbey protection.

"Picot the hunter was here again yesterday," said Gervase, "and he said that he had heard that the knight had sworn vengeance against our abbot and all his house. We are fallen upon troublous times."

"We are, indeed," said the sub-prior. "But what doth Picot here so often now?"

"He comes to see old Peter; and he hath a mighty fancy for the black vizard yonder, ever since he fished him out of the mill-tail."

"Ay, there it is again," said Brother Simon's companion. "Fish or fowl, every waif and stray finds free quarters at Rivelisby. Our house is become a very cave of Adullam; every one that is in distress or discontented gathers here; and as for debt, we have a fair share of that ourselves already, I take it. This pilgrim, as he calls himself, he hath a liking for our company too, it seems; he is in no hurry to complete his vow of travel."

"Nay, nay," said the sub-prior, to whom locomotion was a penance in itself,—"he hath had but a four days' rest as yet; and he is a quieter guest than the Brabanters."

They were interrupted in their conversation by the appearance of the sacrist, who approached them with a hasty step, attended by Picot of Ladysmede, with whom he seemed to be holding earnest conference as they walked. There was a cloud upon Brother Andrew's brow, and he had neither jest or sarcasm, nor even word of ordinary greeting for them as he came up.

"Where can I find the lord abbot?" was the brief question which he scarcely stopped to ask.

"He was sunning himself on the terrace-walk a short while since," said the prior's friend, sulkily. The brotherly love between him and the sacrist was of the most conventional quality.

On towards the terrace-walk the sacrist and his companion were hurrying, when the sub-prior, his curiosity getting the better of his laziness, shuffled up behind them at a pace which he seldom attempted.

"What is it, brother?—any news stirring at Ladysmede?" he puffed out, as soon as he got near enough to be heard.

Andrew looked back at him for a moment without stopping. "The armorer is welding two breast-pieces into one, to make a harness that may suit thy girth," said he; "there will

be work anon for every man that hath a vocation for arms at Rivalsby."

It was pitiful that such a peaceful scene as the river-terrace showed at that hour should have been interrupted by the tidings which the hunter brought. The morning was one of those sunny deceptions of early winter, which cheat us into bold forgetfulness of the cold season which is sure to come. Wrapped in warm furs, which were rather a luxury than a necessity, so mild was the air, and sheltered by the high walls behind them, the ladies of Willan's Hope sat looking over the battlements on the river that glistened in the sunshine below. Giulio, never slow in making friends, had already found in Gladice a companion and a playfellow. Happily, a child sees always beauty in a kind face; yet the boy would gaze from time to time into those lustrous eyes, and watch the rich hues of her cheek with an almost unconscious homage of admiration, until Gladice would laugh and turn away with an amused confusion. There were other eyes, too, which found the same attraction, though their gaze was less bold and more conscious than Giulio's and was withdrawn if the stray glance from Gladice met their own. Giulio played fearlessly with the long chestnut curls, which caught the southern breeze from the river, and daringly made captive of the hand which was raised to punish him for his presumption; but Waryn leant on the wall at some little distance, and only watched the play with a half smile. Gladice had felt very sad in spirit when the abbot had tempted her forth to enjoy the rare beauty of the morning; but the fresh breeze soon cheered the youthful blood, and the boy's free but gentle courtship soon won her back to something like her natural gayety. She was as honest-hearted, too, and free from all petty coquetties, as maiden could be; but beauty is seldom quite unconscious of its charms, and she knew that other eyes were watching her. Many a light word spoken to the boy was weighed more carefully because it would fall on Waryn Foliot's ear. Between themselves but few words passed. The inquiries about the bandaged shoulder (for the wound received in the night-attack had been a painful one) were of Dame Elfhild's making, though the maiden also watched for the reply with a decorous interest. It was the elder dame's fingers, more gentle and skilful

in such kind ministry than even the good brothers' of the infirmary, which re-arranged the bandages so as to give more ease. Gladice did but look on; yet Foliot might have been tempted to show less indifference to the pain, if he could have been sure that the expression on that beautiful face betokened the least degree of personal interest in the patient, and was not merely the ordinary token of woman's universal sympathies.

The abbot was pacing up and down the broad terrace with his seneschal, pausing occasionally in his walk to address a cheerful remark to his fair guests, or to ask a question of Foliot, when the sacrist appeared in view, hurrying forward to accost him. The hunter from Ladysmede waited respectfully a few steps in the rear.

"*Benedicite*, brother," said the abbot, giving the word for his subordinate to speak his errand—for he saw that there was something of importance in his face.

"There is word of Sir Godfrey's movements, my lord abbot," said the sacrist; "he took horse for Rivalsby with all his following, not an hour since, and hath halted—waiting for some one, as it would seem—within a mile of Swinford Bridge. He is in great wrath, and means evil against us."

"Who brings these tidings?" inquired the abbot, looking towards Picot, whose person was unknown to him.

"One from Ladysmede," said the monk, bringing Picot forward, who was rather abashed at the company in which he found himself; for the ladies of Willan's Hope had heard the sacrist's announcement, and had moved nearer to the party, listening with eager looks.

"Who is with Sir Godfrey?" asked the superior—"hath he any force with him besides his own?"

Picot stammered out some answer that was not very intelligible, though he had been fluent enough with his information to the sacrist a few minutes back.

"There ride with him men enow, of his own mould," said the sacrist, hastily—"Nick Boteler of Bury, and Long Lawford, and a cursed fellowship of the country-side—Irish Dermot, too, I hear, is among them—there is no lack of good-will," he added, bitterly, "on such a service. But time is precious, under your pardon, my gracious lord—will it

please you to give order in this matter?—By St. Mary, see yonder are lances on Swinford Bridge! the heathen are upon us!”

It was so. Glancing in the sunlight, they were plain enough, even to the abbot's failing eyes. Waryn stepped upon the battlement, and saw the road covered with moving figures.

“It is true enough,” he said, quietly, to the abbot. “With your leave, I will look to the muster.”

“Bid Gaston come to me,” said Abbot Martin to the sacrist, “and warn the captain of the Brabanters. Is the drawbridge up?”

“I took it on myself to look to both before I came; wherein I erred in my obedience, father, and ask pardon,” said Brother Andrew, bending his knee.

“You have it,” said Abbot Martin, smiling for an instant. “Sweet Lady Gladice,” he continued, as he caught her troubled look fixed on him, “have no fear. Rivelaby is poor; but our walls are strong, and our cause good. If yonder company set the battle in array, we will hold, with Heaven's help, what Heaven has given us. William of Ely will not fail to succor us ere long. Dame Elfhild, let me lead you to your chambers—it may be that this cloud will pass.”

“Have no care for me, my good lord,” said the dame, her keen eyes flashing as she spoke. “I cannot yet think so ill of my kinsman Sir Godfrey, as to believe that he can intend violence either against those of his own blood or against holy Church. I trust it may rather be that he comes to offer his protection to my niece, his ward, as becomes a true knight of the de Burgh's name and kin.”

“His protection!” said Gladice, turning suddenly pale. “O my good lord, you will not give me up to him! You will not believe him, let him protest what he will! I am vowed to the cloister, remember—it were no less than sacrilege to carry me elsewhere—you will promise, good Abbot Martin—you will promise!”

Her utterance was so rapid and so earnest that the churchman's words of re-assurance were scarcely heard or heeded as she clung to his robe, and looked beseechingly into the kind face that bent down to her. The abbot's own voice was broken with emotion as he laid his hand upon her head.

“Daughter,” said he, “I am a servant of the altar, and may not gird on sword again

save in dire extremity; but—before finger shall be laid upon you here, at Rivelaby, against your will, I will try whether good steel will bite yet, or whether the hand that was Guy Fitz-Waryn's has lost its cunning!”

“Thanks, thanks, noble lord abbot,” said Gladice, still bending her head as she clasped his hand—“yet oh! why was I born, thus to bring harm and peril upon the few who love me!”

Waryn Foliot had lingered on the battlements as though he would satisfy himself, by a last look, of the character of the advancing foe, before he betook himself to the duties of the defence. His eyes were on the road that led from Swinford Bridge, but not a sound of the last speaker's voice escaped him. He had completed his reconnoissance, and as he passed close by Gladice, towards the terrace-steps, he laid his hand gently upon her arm. The touch was so light, it might have been only an involuntary emphasis to his words.

“Lady,” he almost whispered, “that was not wisely said. The prayer in the cloister, the toil of the student, are well; but do not grudge us what is better still—the sacrifice for others which is the true discipline of men.”

He neither looked at her as he spoke, nor waited for reply. With a quick, light step he hurried down into the quadrangle below, where Dannequin the Brabanter, joyful with the news of expected battle, was showering encouraging epithets on his men, as they ran together from their quarters, with little reverence for the grave monks within hearing, who stood listening with a scandalized amusement. The abbot, meanwhile, accompanied his fair guests to their apartment in the garden tower—a quarter of the abbey which, protected as it was by a lofty range of buildings, consisting of the stabling and other conventual offices, lying between it and the outer wall of defence, gave the best promise of security against attack from without, and for that reason had always been assigned to the use of women and children who, in former troublous times, had sought shelter at Rivelaby.

The threatened attack had not taken the abbot by surprise. Those few feudal retainers whose services he could still command had either been already quartered within the walls of St. Mary's, or in the two home granges which stood in the adjacent meadows. Gaston the Angevin, to whom the superior intrusted his most private orders, had

already, at the first alarm, sent to call in these latter; and although some took care not to obey the summons until it was too late to hope to escape the hostile riders who soon swept the abbey round, they were precisely those whose unwilling service could best be spared. Foliot, too, had despatched a trusty messenger to raise the tenants of the Leys; but the most of them had followed their lord and his elder son to join King Richard's banner, and the broad lands could furnish now but a sorry contingent of such as were either too young or too old for hard service: and the present resources of Rivelshy could not afford, in case of a continued investment, to maintain more idle mouths than legitimately belonged there. Only a very few, therefore, of the Foliot retainers, but those picked men and true, had come in to reinforce the little garrison. But amongst the Benedictines themselves there were many, who, like Gaston, had been stout soldiers in their youth; and though the abbot would have required from none of them a service which was against the letter of their vows, he had only smiled quietly when he looked in at the armorer's forge, and saw two or three of the quiet brotherhood trying on the quaint old armor which had lain there since the fighting times of King Stephen. There were others, too, who, though they might have conscientious scruples against donning the outward trappings of a soldier, were prepared to serve on the walls, and aid in working such scant artillery of arbalists and mangonels as the stores of Rivelshy could furnish; and who would not be found perhaps to do worse service because they looked for a higher defence than steel cap or cuirass.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE LEAGUER.

It would have been doubtful whether Sir Godfrey, in his present mood, and followed as he was by many whose main object was plunder, would have thought it needful to use towards his present enemies even the common courtesies of war. It was Le Hardi whose calmer persuasion prevailed on him at least to send to the abbot a formal summons to surrender. He had even urged him, but in vain, to wait the arrival of de Lacy's force in case of refusal, before having recourse to extremities, in the hope that, in the face of such an overwhelming array, the defenders of the

monastery would see the hopelessness of any resistance.

Abbot Martin received Sir Godfrey's emissary in his chapter-house, in the presence of his chief officers. The terms of the message were brief and peremptory.

"I am charged, lord abbot," said Gundred, who wasted but scant courtesy at any time, least of all to those of the abbot's calling—"to bid you deliver up the persons of a chaplain priest by name Giacomo, and a boy called Giulio, whom you hold in despite of the knight of Ladysmede; also of the Lady Gladice of Willan's Hope, his ward; and this within an hour's space."

"Not in an hour, nor in a lifetime, be it long or short," replied the abbot, flushing slightly at the man's insolent bearing—"you have my answer."

"Softly, lord abbot," said Gundred, in a sneering tone; "I have done but half my errand. Also, the knight of Ladysmede and the Lord de Lacy demand you to set free your prior, Hugh, whom you have unjustly placed in durance; and that you deliver up the custody of this abbey to the said Hugh, appointed by Prince John as the king's procurator here, until his majesty's good pleasure may be taken as to your own misused authority."

"Have you said all?" asked the superior, quietly.

"No," replied the messenger, growing yet bolder as he caught an approving glance from a monk behind the superior's chair, whose secret sympathies were known to be with the prior—"no, abbot; the best is to come; the noble Lord de Lacy and Sir Godfrey will hang thee over thy great gates, if thou keep them shut against their powers but an hour longer."

"Did the Lord de Lacy say this?" asked the abbot, in the same calm voice.

"Yea, and more," said Gundred. Possibly the quiver of Abbot Martin's lip deceived him.

"I have heard that Ralph de Lacy, misled by evil men, hath taken arms against the king; but I *know* he said no such word of the kinsman of the Lady Alice. You have lied, sir, in your office—lied, where truth and honor were your only warrant of protection. Get you gone! the Lord de Lacy uses no such tools as thee!"

"Liar in thy teeth!" shouted Gundred whose hardihood had faced Sir Godfrey himself when the knight had chafed him. "But

"I came here on a fool's errand, to bandy words with shavelings!"

The abbot started from his seat, but, quick as the words were spoken, the sacrist's brawny arm had been raised, and had struck the ribald to the ground.

"Lie still, dog!" he said, as he planted his foot upon his chest, and menaced him with the formidable knuckles. "I will drive the foul tongue into thy throat till thou shalt never find it more if I catch but a mutter!"

The sacrist might have actually fulfilled his threat, for Gundred was beginning to find voice, and would have resisted had there been a hundred upon him instead of one, when the superior sternly interposed.

"Brother Andrew," he said, "you are over-hasty. We, of all men, should not be the first to smite. You know the holy text,—*'Qui capit gladium'*—"

Either the abbot was at fault in his quotation, or it struck him that it was not so entirely applicable to poor Andrew's natural weapons; but the latter drew back discomfited in his turn by his superior's rebuke, and allowed his antagonist to rise.

Muttering and blaspheming, though not yet recovered from the blow, it was with some difficulty that two stout serving-men forced him from the abbot's presence, and passing him across the drawbridge, where a groom waited with his horse, raised it again behind him, and cut off Rivelshy from all further parley with its enemies.

The disgraced messenger scarcely cared to carry back to his master the whole truth as to his reception. He told enough to increase Sir Godfrey's rage, if that were possible. Archers and crossbow-men were at once thrown forward, and for some two hours a brisk attack was kept up against the walls of the monastery. But, unprovided with any of the larger engines for a siege, it soon became evident that the Crusader had given the more prudent counsel, and that little impression would be made upon those strong defences until the force of de Lacy joined them. As the evening fell, all active hostilities were suspended, and, drawing their forces all round, the confederates waited for the morning to bring them such aid as should secure their prey.

Heavily the shadows fell on Rivelshy, and, flashing up through the increasing darkness, the watchfires of the besiegers showed how

close and complete was the leaguer. The shouts and challenges of their enemies, almost their words, could be heard through the still air by the monks, who were listening on the ramparts. Nothing was spoken of that evening, after the vesper service, but the peril of their situation, and their chances of relief; for the maintaining themselves against a besieging force for any length of time was simply impossible with their present resources. As the old monks sat by their fire in the infirmary, they too discussed, with all the garrulity of their years, this new and terrible emergency. In a smaller chamber close adjoining lay the wounded man, who had been carried into the monastery on the night of Foliot's arrival. He could hear much of the conversation in the outer room, and the lay brothers who ministered to his wants carried backward and forward to each other the last scraps of information. The patient's eyes were closed, as they had been usually when any of the monks were present; he had plainly suffered considerably from the pain of his wounds, though nothing more than a subdued groan had escaped him, and his replies to the brethren's attentions had been principally by signs. But that evening he raised himself on his pallet, and, beckoning one of the monks towards him, inquired in an indistinct voice for the abbot. There was some hesitation at first, knowing as all did the pressing calls upon the superior's attention, in complying with the sufferer's request for an interview. So urgent, however, did the man seem, eking out his few words with impatient signs, that out of pure compassion it was determined at least to inform the superior of his wishes. The same motive would alone have sufficed to have brought Abbot Martin to his bedside; but he did not comply less readily when he remembered that it was possible that his communication might have some reference to their enemies without. Carrying Foliot with him, the churchman repaired once more to the chamber where the wounded prisoner lay.

The bandages had been partly removed from the wounded jaws, and the instant that the abbot saw the hollow eyes that were anxiously turned upon him at his entrance, he recognized their expression. There was no doubt that he saw lying before him the Gascon esquire who had carried to Longchamp the information of the conspirators' intended movements. Dubois saw that the abbot knew

him, and breaking the silence that he had hitherto maintained, as much from sullenness as from difficulty of speech,—though every word still cost him evident pain and effort,—he addressed him at once abruptly.

"Where is the Lady Gladice?" he asked.

It was Waryn answered him, with something of haughtiness in his tone. Certainly they had hardly visited him in order to give him this information. "She is safe," he replied.

Dubois took no notice, but looked from him to the abbot.

"Tell me," he said—"you will speak truly."

"She is here, and in safety—but you have scarce the right to ask."

"It is well," said the Gascon.

"How?" exclaimed the abbot—"it repents you, then, of your evil deed—you rejoice that it failed?"

The Gascon gave no intelligible sign or answer.

"Confess, wretched man," said Abbot Martin,—“it was Sir Nicholas le Hardi set you on this accursed errand?"

Dubois nodded an assent.

"You would have carried her to him at Huntingdon?"

"No!" said the wounded man, raising himself on his elbow, and speaking more distinctly than before—"Never!"

"Why, how then?" asked the abbot in some surprise.

"Do you hold me for nothing but the slave of other men's passions—have I neither will nor object of my own?"

"What!" exclaimed Waryn, "you have not dared——"

"I have dared much, young sir," said the Gascon, contemptuously. "The lady had been far on the way to France, and mine, by this time—had all gone well. By hell, but she were worth the chance!"

"You dared to plan this bold game, then, for yourself," said the abbot, looking at him possibly with less disgust than before.

"Ay," replied Dubois—"why not? I have gold—honestly mine own. She might well have been worse mated, too; but it is over now—I have a hurt here I may scarce recover from." A half groan escaped him as he spoke, not so much from pain, it seemed, as from some other emotion. "I have had more kindness in your house, lord abbot, than I have known in life; I am glad that the lady is safe—and I have somewhat on my mind to say—if this be my last confession, as I guess. But—I can speak no longer now."

The wounds in his face had burst out afresh with the exertion, and his mouth was full of blood. The abbot turned from him with a face of charitable pity, and calling one of the brothers of the infirmary to attend him, returned thoughtfully to the yet more painful duties that awaited him.

It was near midnight when he stood again alone by the Gascon's pallet. Slowly, with painful efforts which drained his life at every word, Dubois poured into the abbot's patient ear the confession by which he sought thus late to make his peace with Heaven. If Giacomo's tale needed confirmation, Abbot Martin found it there.

Against Wind and Tide. By Holme Lee, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," etc. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is one of the few good novels that deserve permanent life in a cheap edition. The author has already produced works not merely of promise but of mark, and this is the best of them. It is the story of two illegitimate sons of a rich baronet, of whom one quits his mother

to enjoy life in luxury under his father's protection, but the other abides by his mother till her death and then becomes a tradesman. The same blot is on the life of both; each of the brothers has to make his way, under different conditions, against Wind and Tide. There is a wide canvas spread, therefore, for the novelist, and she has filled it not only gracefully but in a way that shows her power.—*Examiner.*

From The North British Review.

1. *The Silence of Scripture.* A Lecture by the Rev. J. C. Miller, D.D. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1858.
2. *Essays on Certain Peculiarities of the Writings of St. Paul.* By R. Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London, 1858.

In the Silence of Scripture, lies a Negative Internal Evidence and Teaching. It is a buried evidence and teaching, not like the body of Moses, where no man might find it to this day; but like the seed-corn, to be found and to be fruitful in its season. Silence is not always Sir Oracle. It may only be a cover for ignorance, a silence of necessity; proceeding from an unthinking mind, or unfeeling heart,—that nothing, out of which nothing comes. To be an Evidence, it must be of design, and not of necessity; not only so; but of wise, far-seeing design, into the ways and workings of human nature; of a foresight and sagacity far beyond the human, which no writer would have thought on, nor reader looked for,—nay, where all readers, beforehand, would have looked for speech, unreserved and outspoken—a Silence not accountable, therefore, on any natural or human principles; which expresses the presence of Him who sees the end from the beginning.

The Silence—especially that of the New Testament—has been oftener felt than acknowledged, and exerted an unconscious influence, where no one ventured an audible interpretation. It is chiefly in our own day that this voice without any sound has begun to be openly noted as a character of Holy Scripture, and admitted, not only as an Evidence of the Divine, but as designed, in its season, for reproof, correction, and instruction, in common with the positive and articulate voice of Scripture.

The piety of Boyle, the contemporary of Newton and Hook, had discerned the wisdom hid in Scripture Silence, and expressed it with equal truth and beauty, "Scripture teaches us, like the sundial, not only by its light, but by its shadow." Hall of Leicester has a discourse on the glory of God in concealing a matter, in which he dwells on the concealment in the mysteries of Scripture—a concealment that pertains to the nature of the subject, and of the human mind—which might have been looked for, and cannot, therefore, be regarded as properly an Evidence of the

Divine presence in the formation of Scripture.

The first, so far as we know, that brings it out distinctively, as an Evidence, is Dr. Whately. To him belongs the honor of having broken ground, and put his plough into this new soil. The omissions of Creeds and Catechisms, and Forms of Devotion, in the New Testament, appear to him as the most remarkable instances of this Divine Silence. Mr. Charles Hare, among his popular sermons, has a felicitous discourse, entitled, "Wheat is better than Bread, or Principles better than Rules," than which there could not be a finer single illustration of the whole subject. Canon Miller, in his recent Lecture to the Young Men's London Institute, has anew called attention to the subject, and shown us how large a field of evidence and instruction it presents. He has done good service. He had, perhaps, done better service still, if, instead of scattering himself over the whole field, he had, like Whately and Hare, selected the instances of this silence that had most impressed his own mind, weighed them fully, and assigned their value. That this field of Scripture evidence and instruction should, hitherto, have been so little explored, may seem a presumption against its being a gold-field; but Silence, in its nature, is unobtrusive, and its meaning, not unsought, was to be found. It was natural that the positive and articulate lessons of Scripture should be first found, that in their light the shadow on the dial might be seen and read. Then, history must also reflect its light on the past, to aid in the right reading of the shadow. This Silence was a seed of Time, to open itself by degrees, and scatter its fruit in its season.

In the discussion of this evidence we think some instances should be omitted that have been too hastily included, such as the silence of the Scriptures as to the secrets of creation, a plurality of worlds, and like matters of natural interest, but not to the purpose of a revelation of the will of God; such also as the silence of Scripture as to the secrets of our future state, because the revelation of such matters, it is natural to think, was impossible to our present faculties, as well as, for many good reasons, undesirable in our present lot. For a different reason we would exclude the secrets of unfulfilled prophecy which by turns excite and baffle curiosity, because, had they not done so, such prophecies

might have fulfilled themselves. For the present, we limit our inquiry to the silence of the New Testament as the completed revelation of God to man, and to some instances of this silence which stand in the forefront of the New Testament, and on matters on which, according to all human anticipations, we should have looked for speech, copious and unreserved.

The first that presents itself to every thoughtful reader is, The silence as to the Nativity of our Lord. Some years ago, when the late Duke of Wellington was rising into distinction in the Spanish peninsula, a Scottish gentleman in East Lothian, feeling the national enthusiasm which his military achievements awakened, wrote to the mother of Wellington to inquire the day of his birth, and received a prompt and courteous reply. The desire to celebrate the birthday of our British hero was natural. The wish to have the exact day was equally so; and not less the prompt reply of the pleased mother. Next to our desire to have the personal likeness, is our wish to know the very year, month, and birthday of those we love to honor, that we may set them, with a mark, in our calendar of time. Plutarch, in his *Life of Alexander the Great*, gives both birthyear and birthday. The biographer of Mahomet records the year and month. Ever, the more eminent the subject, the more careful are all writers of lives to gratify this desire, to search out and settle the birthyear and birthday.

It is true, Moses, in the Old Testament, does not give us either the birthday or birthyear of great men. But he is careful to record the date of great events, as of the Exodus.* He is not only careful to give the year, but the month: "This day came ye out in the month Abib!"† Nay, the very day of the month, "the fourteenth!" No doubt there was an object in this. This month was henceforth to be "the beginning of months;" and the day "for a memorial, a feast to the Lord throughout all generations: it is the Lord's Passover." This statement of year, month, and day, is repeated once and again, to preclude all possibility of mistake.‡ But while Moses gives the birthday of great events and not of great men, in the gospel history both are omitted. One event—the Nativity of our Lord included—was to the

Christian Church what the Exodus was to the Jewish; yet the time is unrecorded, or given with such indefinite marks as to leave it a matter of difficult determination to this day.

Incidentally, we learn that Christ's birth occurred in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and about the time of a general taxing, or registration with a view to taxation.* This is all the direct information given by those whose writings declare their consciousness that they are telling the world of his birth who is come to change times and seasons, and introduce a new era, more important by far than that of the Olympiads, or Rome's foundation, or the Jewish Exodus. This omission, be it observed, is that of writers who had before them the example of Moses to the contrary, so far as great events are concerned, who were accustomed to reverence the festivals founded thereon, and to observe even the Feast of Purim and the Feast of the Dedication, in memory of their deliverance from Haman and the restoration of their temple.†

With such historical precedents and recollections, it seems difficult to conceive, on any natural principles, how four separate writers of the life of Christ should, if left to their own impulses, have omitted both the birthyear, month, and day of an event which, in their view, was to change the religion of the world.

But is it so that we cannot make out from the New Testament the time of the Nativity? Those whose attention has not been specially called to it will be surprised how little has been or can be made out of the most ingenious and elaborate sifting of the hints in the four Gospels. Luke gives us the chief notes of the time.‡

In Luke are the chief data for determining the birth-year. They are given by that evan-

* Luke ii. 1.

† It is remarkable that the festival-loving spirit only developed these two feasts in addition to those of direct Divine appointment—as if the Jewish Church were less under this festival-loving spirit—or was satisfied with the Divine development given to it.

‡ Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Iturea and of the reign of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness. And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance, for the remission of sins. And Jesus himself began to be about thirty years of age, being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph, which was the son of Heli.—Luke iii. 1-3, 23.

* Exodus xii. 40, 41.

† Exodus xiii. 4.

‡ Leviticus xxiii. 6.

gelist who tells us that he had "perfect knowledge of all things from the very first." Yet they are evidently given without any design of informing us as to the very year; and when examined, yield no such precise information. We are left quite uncertain whether he reckons the *fifteenth* year of the reign of Tiberius from the beginning of his joint reign with Augustus, *two years before the death of the latter*, or from the commencement of his sole reign. According to the one, our Lord's birth was 749 U.C.; according to the other, 747 years after the building of Rome,—making a difference of two years. Then the phrase, "began to be about thirty years of age," admits of considerable latitude of interpretation, and does not forbid the supposition that our Lord was thirty-one or even thirty-two years of age,—making another difference of one or more years, according as we interpret the phrase.

The present era of Christians, says Father Newman in his "Church of the Fathers," arose in 450, from one Dionysius Exiguus, who was its framer.* Bengel says—"The Dionysian era is now in use, who published his Chronological System in 532. He is now considered to have placed the birth of Christ four years too late; so that we should add four years to the present era to obtain the right birth-year."† Alford, in his Notes on Luke iii. 1, concluding his examination, says—"It may be doubted whether in all these reckonings, more accuracy has not been sought than the Gospel narrative warrants any expectation of finding."

The difficulty of determining the month and day of the Nativity is still greater. "It has been placed," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "in every month of the year." The two ablest writers of modern times that have investigated the chronology of the life of Christ—Dr. Burton and Mr. Cresswell—have come to opposite conclusions, the one contending for the spring, and the other for the autumn. Pope Julius first decided the matter for the Latin Church, and placed it in the Roman calendar on the 25th of December, when the sun begins to return to the northern tropics, and therefore, in Europe, the natural emblem of returning light and life. But if Pope Julius decided on this latter ground, it was a narrow

one,—as narrow as that on which the Latin Church, in the rubrics of her missal, has too hastily enacted that the bread of the sacrament must be always *wheat*, and the wine always of the *grape*, not knowing that whilst the Gospel was for all the world, wheat and the vine belong only to certain zones; or that the spring and summer of one-half the globe are the autumn and winter of the other half.

How, then, shall we account for this silence? Is it sufficient to say the evangelists were illiterate men, not accustomed to give heed to dates, because not appreciating their interest or importance; or that the Gospels are not so much regular histories or biographies as memorabilia, notes of the more remarkable sayings and doings of Christ, and the failure hitherto of all attempts at a chronological harmony is the proof that the evangelists aimed at no more? Is this answer sufficient? It is certain this silence is not that of ignorance or indifference. Two of the evangelists give the genealogy of our Lord, taken, we may presume, from public registers; side by side with which, in all probability, they might have found the very year, month, and day. Even if not permitted to assume this all, and more, they might have had from the lips of Mary, who lived with John in her age. What question so natural in them to put, or in Mary to answer, or in the evangelists to record?

It is true the Gospels are not regular histories or biographies, in which facts are marshalled with the attention to chronology of modern historians; yet they are quite as much regular histories as the Books of Moses, which give the times of all great events. Each Gospel begins with the birth of our Lord, or the opening of his ministry, and goes on to his death and resurrection. Each particular between may not be given in its order, yet that order is preserved wherever it was of consequence; and of all things it would naturally appear of consequence, when giving his genealogy, to give with it perfect notes of the year, month, and day.*

But were the evangelists *illiterate*? We have been accustomed to acquiesce in the application of this epithet, and to glory in it, without considering its different meaning in reference either to their times or our own.

* See John's account of the testimonies of the Baptist recorded in chronological order, John i. 19-27; also Mark's account of the Crucifixion, Mark xv. 25.

* Newman's Ch. of the Fathers. Ed. 1842. P. 313.

† Gnomon, v. 1. P. 52. Pref. Clarke's Ed.

They were undoubtedly well versed in the Jewish Scriptures, containing the history, poetry, and moral wisdom of their country. They had drunk deeper than most of their age, priest or rabbi, of the spirit, if not also of the letter, of those wonderful classics—Moses and the Prophets. To be versant in them implied, though fishermen, the knowledge of the Hebrew, then a dead language, or of the Greek of the Septuagint translation, implying therefore the knowledge of one, if not two languages, besides Aramaic, the spoken language of Palestine. Can we call that man *illiterate* that speaks one language, and has acquired one or two besides, and that not for purposes of trade only or chiefly, but to gain access to its literary treasures? Their knowledge of Greek, in which the Gospels have come down to us, however acquired, is a fact implying that they were "lettered" even in the modern sense, and implying a culture that may well rescue them from the imputation of being unable to appreciate the interest attaching to the record of the birth year and day of Christ. The truth is, the evangelists, in relation to their times and country, were *illiterate* only in the sense of being unskilled in that Rabbinical learning in vogue in Jerusalem—an ignorance blessed to them, to us, to all ages—which enabled them to read and interpret, as Rabbies could not do, Moses and the Prophets; and made them the most pure and perfect medium of transmitting the teachings of a greater than Moses. We have talked of the evangelists being illiterate, because by trade fishermen, and because Pharisees and Rabbies said so; but no man can calmly consider these facts, or read those discourses which John has recorded, without feeling that men who could appreciate those sayings of Christ which have exercised, and still exercise, some of the highest minds of our race in exploring their depths of thought, could not be intellectually unequal, or indifferent to, the record of the nativity of Him whom they make known as the Light and Life of the world. The name fishermen expresses their social, but not their intellectual position. To what class of fishermen on our British shores shall we compare a John or a Peter? Fishermen that knew, when they wrote the Gospels, two living and one dead language, and wrote in Greek; fishermen familiar with the sacred classics of their country from their

earliest years; fishermen that frequented every sabbath-day the synagogue of their native village,* and were accustomed in the schools of Moses and the Prophets to take not a mere passive, but an active part as speakers and questioners. The apostles of our Lord were probably some of the best specimens of the Jewish common people, quickened into intellectual and moral life above the common people of every other ancient nation, by the sabbath and the synagogue; the foremost men in the synagogues of Capernaum and Bethsaida; inquiries into the meaning of types and ceremonies, and of ancient prophecy; and waiters for the coming of Him whom they saw foreshadowed in all Jewish things, answering and asking questions about all such matters, and not unaccustomed to speak their minds. Just because they were more awake and alive to all these things, these fishermen attached themselves first to the Baptist when he announced the Messiah. At least three, out of the twelve apostles, were disciples of the Forerunner, and followed John until shown by him—The Christ. Illiterate, therefore, they were not, save in the eyes of Jewish rabbies, whose light was as darkness, and whose literature was only perverted knowledge. Illiterate the evangelists were in no sense that incapacitated or disinclined them to attach to the events they record, and especially to the greatest of all, the notes of Time. This answer, therefore, is not to the purpose, and when examined only heightens this silence. To what, then, shall we ascribe it, but to that Divine prescience that, presiding over the for-

* Of these, Jerusalem in the time of Josephus had four hundred and eighty, a number that appears to us almost fabulous. Every village had one or more, however insignificant, a proof of the immense popularity of this institution. But more than this, there was liberty of speech, without respect of persons,—a liberty evidently in common use, of which the apostles, as well as our Saviour, constantly availed themselves—a liberty which must have quickened and cultivated the popular mind, and induced a habit of self-restraint, without which no such custom could have been long endured. In our times when social questions are so much investigated, it were worth while to inquire how much *socially* the common people of Judea must have been above all other people, when they could use aright such privileges, or could acquire them or retain them? Doubtless that superior intelligence which elevated the Jews of the Middle Ages to be the bankers and financiers of Europe, as well as of the East, was due to the clerklike education the synagogue made the use and wont of that people long before any Europeans save the priesthood had any knowledge of letters.

mation of the four Gospels, restrained the writers from giving what was of no use to their great object, or of which an ill use might one day be made? The religions of the heathen were all ritualism, the observance of times and seasons, in which the intellect, heart, and conscience had little part. Even Judaism, with its great central truth of the Unity of Jehovah, and its prophetic hopes, was an adaptation to this stage and state of society. Moses records the times and seasons of the great events on which were to be founded the three great and three minor festivals of the Jewish Church. But the Gospel came to diminish the ritualism of religion to the lowest measure consistent with our present condition, and to rouse man to a worship of God "in spirit and truth."

Was there not some need, then, that all helps towards the observance of Christian times and seasons should be buried, like the body of Moses, where no man might find them to this day? If, as men, the evangelists felt an interest in knowing the day of the Nativity, and put the question to Mary, yet, as evangelists, they acted a higher part, and did a greater thing in exercising a discreet reserve. They conceal what every other man, learned or unlearned, fisherman or rabbi, would have thought it foolish to conceal. What shall we say? The foolishness of God is wiser than men. This silence heightens the Divine in the New Testament. It is a silence that *now* speaks, and is more eloquent than any words. "No speech nor language, its voice is not heard, yet its line is gone through all the earth, its words to the end of the world," speaking in behalf of the simple and spiritual in worship, of a religion of the conscience and heart, and rebuking the religion of times and seasons. It was a seed of time, to spring up, in its season, for reproof, correction, and instruction, to recall Christians from their wanderings, and check tendencies to fall backwards. The ecclesiastical developments of Christendom are the historical interpreters of the Divine meaning of this silence. Foremost amongst the festivals of the Church is Christmas, or the Nativity. Though not one of the earliest,* yet none could be more nat-

ural, and none has so universally established itself in the Syriac, Greek, and Latin churches, surviving the Reformation, and establishing itself amongst the fixed festivals of most of our Protestant churches. Still this silence informs us that this Festival is no part of our common Christianity. It is no part of that which is required of us by Christ, seeing he has withheld all natural helps towards it, and we can neither tell day, month, nor year. It is true, men have decided this for themselves. This silence did not stop them; yet many a thoughtful heart must have felt these omissions of Scripture as a discouragement. Certainly, no one ever took them for an encouragement, as they would have taken any positive information; and now that we can look back on the ecclesiastical developments of eighteen centuries, and read this silence in the light of history, we cannot but feel that such developments pertain neither to the being, nor are essential to the well-being of the Christian, or to the Church of Christ.

Do we, then, condemn the observance of all times and seasons? We neither condemn nor approve. The New Testament does neither. It says nothing for them, helps nothing towards them, withholds what we should have thought most desirable. There is surely no encouragement here, if there be no discouragement. If we observe them, neither are we the better than others that do not. If we observe them not, neither are we the worse. Let all things be done for edification, and let brotherly love continue. Let no one censure the traditional customs of any man or church where they affect not the great things of our faith and hopes. It can harm no one in Europe to believe, and to act on the belief, that

"It was the winter wild,
When the heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lay."

Yet it is well to be able to pluck the thorn of dogmatism out of all such matters, in times like ours, when the Gospel is overspreading the wilds of Australia and New Zealand, and the islands of the Pacific; and to remember that the Saviour of the world was born for all climes, and that those who loved him most

* The death of Christ was celebrated everywhere on the appointed day, when as yet his birthday was celebrated nowhere. Easter preceded all others. Chrysostom represents Christmas as only coming into observance some years before 386. Augustine represents the Feasts of

Christ's Passion, as Easter, also of His Ascension, and of the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as celebrated in his time over the whole Church, but that of Christmas as only then being established.—*Aug. Ep. ad Januar.*, and *Ep. ad Gal. lib. 214*. See also *Neander's Ch. Hist.*, v. 13, 406-416, Clarks' Ed.

and knew him best have left us ignorant of his birth year, month, and day; and if men will differ on such matters, they ought to differ without any breach of love. Nay more, does not this silence say that the disciples of Christ are to indulge this festival-loving spirit within narrow limits, and that this is not the best way of developing the religion of Jesus? If we may not say rudely of such outward developments—They are naught? because so, in our limited experience, we may yet say confidently, that had such periodical festivals touched nearly, either the rise or progress of pure and undefiled religion, or tended to that higher spiritual life in the individual Christian, which our Lord came to impart, the New Testament would not have been so reserved on such matters. Judging, beforehand, after the manner of men, who would not have liked this reserve had been broken respecting the time at least of the Nativity? Yet, looking back on the past history of the Church, who is not ready now to confess that if speech on such matters would have been silver, silence has been gold.

Where there is silence as to the Nativity of Christ, we might have anticipated a like silence as to that of all other New Testament characters. As to the birth or death day of Mary, the mother of our Lord, the silence is complete. The evangelists and apostles have forborne all mention of their own; even of the dates of their call to the apostolic office. They tell these with singular brevity and simplicity, yet without any notes of time. The conversion of St. Paul is recorded once and again along with interesting details, but no hint to enable the gentile churches to place it in the calendar. Luke relates the death of Stephen, the first martyr; also of James, the first that suffered amongst apostolic men, but without any notes of time.*

* Let this be contrasted with the ecclesiastical developments of Christendom. Finding no answers in the New Testament, men have made answer to themselves in the following festivals of the Mediæval Latin Church, which still keep their place in the Calendar of the Roman Missal:—

| | |
|---|--------------|
| In honor of Christ, | 7 Festivals. |
| In honor of Mary, | 17 " |
| In honor of sundry Scripture incidents, . . . | 6 " |
| In honor of Church incidents, | 11 " |
| Miscellaneous, | 4 " |
| In honor of Apostles and Evangelists, . . . | 14 " |

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To which more recent times have added sundry others, making in all the extraordinary number of seventy-four. To these are to be added Saints'

Some difficulty may still linger in the minds of our readers as to these views, from the thought of how little, in the past, this silence has prevented the evil it foresaw, and which, we think it was designed to stay. If of design, has it not failed in its design, and been understood too late? Is it not a forethought, that looks very like our afterthought? The concealment of the body of Moses was successful in preventing the worship of the man Moses. His body was never found, and no Jew ever pretended to have done so, or exhibited any relic of the awgiver. But this New Testament concealment, if a finger on the lip, was not only not felt as a silence of reproof, but as a provocation to supply its omissions, fill up its blanks, and multiply inventions.

It is hard to say what amount of prohibition, positive or negative, will prevent men from doing what they have a strong tendency to do. The tendency, which by its force, carried ancient nations back to a religion of times and seasons, after the first fervors of spiritual Christianity were spent, may help us to feel the strength of these tendencies. The return to them, amidst the intelligence of our own day, should give us some experience of a tendency in human nature, which no New Testament silence could stay. Yet what it could not prevent it might retard, and make the wheels of folly drag more heavily. Who can tell how much, in the past, it has thus hindered, even when not felt as a prohibition? If, instead of silence, the evangelists had furnished all manner of particulars, would not these have been received as a positive encouragement to such developments, as indicative of the festival use to be made of them? A propensity so strong, that no scriptural stinting or starving of it has kept it long under, would have shown itself earlier and stronger, and rendered the work of reformation more difficult. Unheeded, this silence may have been, or observed only by the few, who durst hardly utter their thought; but are the eighteen centuries of the Christian era already past, the whole of the Christian age? Has folly yet exhausted its inventions? Is

days, leaving no day without a festival or saint to honor or be honored in it, going near to turn all the working days of the year into church festivals or saints' days, as if "orare est laborare," a saying as wide of the mark as Carlyle's modern variation, "laborare est orare," instead of the Scripture wisdom which directs us "orare et laborare."

not the gospel for all times, as well as for all climes? Is there no danger, when the gospel spreads to festival-loving India—to China—to Japan—that the same tendencies may reappear in their strength, when this silence shall again speak, enforced by the history of the past, when the future churches of the east shall read the Divine finger on the lip, this shadow on the dial?

The sum of our argument is this: The silence of the New Testament as to times and seasons, birthdays and death-days, is not a solitary fact, not on one or two, or a few occasions only, but at sundry times and diverse manners,—a class of negative facts, involving in like obscurity the Nativity of our Lord, of his mother, and of all the apostles and martyrs of early Christianity, involving the chronology of all the great events of the Gospel history. There is but *one* exception, and that is as to the day of the week on which our Lord rose from the dead, out of which was to arise the only Christian festival that all churches, from the beginning of the Gospel, have with one consent observed with more or less reverence, as The Day of the Resurrection of Our Lord.

Our second instance is—The Silence as to the Infancy and Youth of our Lord. Who has not wished to know more of the early years of our Lord, of his infancy in Egypt, his youth at Nazareth, the cottage-home and the workshop hard by! Such an infancy and youth, told simply and naturally, after the manner of the evangelists, we persuade ourselves, would have been only less instructive than that which they have given us of his manhood and public ministry. Yet, we have not one incident of the infancy, and but *one* of his youth. On the great fact that he was an infant of days, and passed through all life's early stages, no shadow of doubt is permitted to rest; but all further curiosity is disappointed, and if men will put questions, they must make answer to themselves. Yet it cannot be said that they could not have given us all manner of lifelike details as to the family life of our Lord. Mary, in her age, lived under the roof of one of the evangelists, who might, nay must, have heard all that a mother had laid up in her heart; yet it is not John, but Luke, who gives us the *one* incident. John carries us over the entire family life of Christ, preferring to tell of his pre-ex-

istence as the Eternal Word, by whom all things were made; and comprehending his birth, infancy, and youth, the first thirty years, in the single sentence, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

Is this the manner of men? Never had there been such a morning, in which the child opened into the youth, and the youth into the man, a pure and perfect whole; so like us in all outward conditions, so unlike us in that inner and higher life, which, with God, is Life in its highest sense. How could the four evangelists write four different narratives, and be silent as to those thirty years? Did they form no part of our Saviour's work as our great Substitute or great Example? Had they no bearing on our salvation, except as introductory to the crowning events of his life? Was all pertaining to our salvation enclosed in the three last years of his life? Why, then, this veil so closely drawn over the opening life, and our attention fixed only on its closing years and scenes?

Time alone has interpreted this silence, and our own times are still interpreting it. What, for ages, has been, what is now, the favorite image and object of devotion in the greater part of Christendom? Is it not the infant Jesus? In churches, closets, couches, throughout Roman Catholic Europe, may be seen the pictures of that infancy, respecting which the disciple that Jesus loved is silent. It is true, in spite of this silence, men put questions and made answer to themselves, until the worship of the Child prevailed over the worship of the God-Man. If, instead of the *one* incident of Luke and this silence of all the rest, John had told all he could have gathered from the lips of Mary, how much earlier might this worship have shown itself—how much more strongly taken root in the conscience as well as imaginations of Christians! How many legends and superstitions, still more puerile than those of mediæval Christianity, might have been added to the narrative of John, and fastened themselves on the churches, sheltered under the idea of honoring the Infancy! It is true this silence did not turn men from their purpose; yet, in withholding all Scripture helps and stimulants, who shall tell how many thoughtful minds in the past, have been withheld? Christians, in general, were not, but individual Christians doubtless were, as they read the New Testament, and

found nothing recorded but the wonderful fact, and felt the tendencies of their heart and of their times rebuked.

But is not our Saviour to be adored as the Divine Child? Did not the wise men from the East fall down and worship the Child in the manger of Bethlehem? Did not the shepherds come at the call of the angels to see the Child; and a Simeon and Anna take the Infant in their arms, blessing God they had seen the day? Yes, and we wonder at a faith so simple-hearted, so independent of all the surroundings of that Infant Saviour. Yet all wise men are not so simple-minded, nor all shepherds worthy of an angelic message; nor all aged persons Simeons and Annas. To the great majority of men, such a sight proved too severe a trial of faith; and to most Christians, in all ages, full details of that infancy and youth—such details as Mary's recollections could have supplied—would have led to many superstitions, filled the imagination with the merely human, and overlaid the spiritual and Divine. A mote, if only near enough to the eye, may hide the sun. The humble conditions of our Saviour's earthly lot hid from the Jews, nay, often from the Twelve, that greatest of all miracles,—Christ Himself. Would not minute details of his infancy and youth have brought the human so near, as to overshadow instead of revealing the Christ? Visiting, some years ago, an exhibition of statuary, amongst the thousand models and statues, our attention was drawn to one of our Saviour. The artist had chosen the age of which Luke gives his one anecdote. He had been perplexed in framing an ideal where Scripture had been so reserved, and his perplexity had solved itself in the figure of a boy treading on a celestial globe,—emblematic of his Divine nature, as Ruler of the universe; but with a lap full of toys to express the boy. He had done his best to unite his ideal of the Godlike with the childlike, and had failed, because the Divine in that infancy and youth was not manifested through the attribute of power, but of meekness, truth, and righteousness! He was not known as the Son of God with power, until his baptism and public ministry. See Mathew iii. 17. The apostle Paul applies the phrase "with power," emphatically to his Resurrection. Yet the artist gave us an ideal, just such as we should have had from the four evangelists,

had they written from their own inspiration, of that infancy and youth.

It would have been well had men only broken this silence in statues and paintings of the Infancy. In answer to their own questions, they forged "Gospels of the Infancy." The titles of some of the chapters of one of these Gospels are sufficient to show how men have broken this silence. Of chapter III., the contents are—

"The wise men visit Christ. Mary gives them one of Christ's swaddling-cloths. The wise men make a fire and worship the swaddling-cloth, and put it into the fire, where it remains unconsumed."

Ch. VI.—"A leprous girl is cured by the water in which he was washed, and becomes a servant to Joseph and Mary."

Ch. IX.—"Two sick children are cured by water wherein Christ was washed."

Ch. XI.—"Bartholomew is restored by being laid on Christ's bed."

Ch. XIII.—"Jesus and other boys, playing together, make clay figures of birds and beasts. Jesus causes them to walk, and also makes clay birds, which he causes to fly and eat and drink. The children's parents hearing of it are alarmed, and take Jesus for a sorcerer."

Ch. XVII.—"Jesus plays with boys at hide and seek. They are transformed into kids. He fetches water for his mother, breaks the pitcher, and miraculously gathers the water in his mantle, and brings it home."

Ch. XX.—"Sent to school to Zaccheus to learn his letters; he teaches Zaccheus. Sent to another schoolmaster; he refuses to learn his letters, and the schoolmaster going to whip him, his hand withers, and he dies."

Ch. XXI.—"Disputes miraculously with the doctors of law, astronomy, physics, and metaphysics, and is worshipped as a philosopher," etc., etc.

Had any of the four evangelists given us such tales, Christianity would have shared the fate of these legends of Mediæval Europe. Why have we none such from the fishermen that accompanied with Christ, and ministered to Mary's age? They not only give us no early miracles, but expressly forbid all thought of such, by telling us that the miracle of Caña was "the beginning of miracles." The author of the Apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy, understood so little the Christ of the evangelists, that, in one of his tales, he makes our Lord, as a boy, full of petty contrivances of revenge on the slightest provocation. To have given us some idea of that infancy and youth, was

to show him acting and speaking as the Holy Child, as the thoughtful, gentle, and loving youth, doing and suffering his dutiful part in every natural, childlike, and youthlike way. But this was far above, out of the sight of the writer of this forgery. The Divinity of power was the only Divinity he understood; and to add miracle to miracle, for childish wonder, was alone within his reach; and with such inventions, all the apocryphal history of apostles and saints abound, making the boundary line between the inspired and apocryphal Gospels no finely shaded line, but as sharp and well-defined as ever boundary line stood out against the sky.*

How unlike to all these is Luke's *one* anecdote of Christ's youth! There we see our Lord growing in wisdom as in stature, but still only as a learner, asking as well as answering questions. Nothing is unnatural. He appears as a youth, and acts only as one more thoughtful than other youths. He returns, after that incident, with his parents to Nazareth, and is "subject to them." For eighteen years more he dwells with them, and in the obscurity of a cottage home grows up to manhood, finding in the humblest lot an opportunity for fulfilling "all righteousness," until the time of his "showing unto Israel." In this silence we see a most kindly adaptation to our human weakness. As much of that infancy and youth is told as we could bear. We may think we could have borne more, or profited by more; but the people of Nazareth, who got more, were offended, and so might we. Are we not, at times, half afraid to speak of our Lord as "The son of the carpenter," and "The carpenter." This may be our littleness, our pride, our sin, yet so it is. We cannot always bear, even in thought, the glory of his humiliation, though he bore the reality for thirty long years. The glory of his last sufferings we can more easily realize, and say even with the sufferer, as they approach, "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is

* Some years ago, W. Hone published what he called "The Apocryphal New Testament," containing a collection of spurious gospels and epistles, in order to discredit the canonical. The slightest perusal of Hone's Apoc. New Test. will be sufficient to any intelligent person. The contrast between the "Paradise Lost" of Milton and "Hudibras," is not greater than between the Gospel of John and the "Gospel of the Infancy," or "The Gospel of Mary." See also "Jones on the Canon" for ample specimens of the same thing. So great was the avidity for tales of the infancy and youth, that forty gospels have been enumerated, composed with a view to gratify this kind of curiosity.

glorified in him." But more difficult by far is it to realize the glory of thirty years' sojourn in the cottage and workshop, with its everyday drudgeries and commonplace humiliations. Enough for us, enough for our consolation and instruction, is the great, broad, wonderful fact, as it stands revealed in all its simplicity and generality, enough to sustain our hopes of forgiveness for all our infant, youthful perversities, enough to teach us to be "subject" in our youth, learn obedience, and to do our duty, as he did, in the humblest of lots. More would only have filled our imaginations to the exclusion of the fully developed character and work of him who, as the perfect man, is designed to be to us—"the image of God."

This instance suggests another akin to it, yet one which has always appeared to us still more impressive—the *New Testament Silence as to the Personal appearance of Christ*. We love to possess the bodily not less than the moral features of our greatest, wisest, and best beloved. The evangelists might have given the one as well as the other,—a portrait to which painters and sculptors might have given a lifelike reality. How easy for them that knew him so well to have shown us that that face and form, as he looked, spoke, and lived amongst men. What memorials they have left us of his majestic wisdom, his calm self-possession, his patience, his loving, self-sacrificing heart! Why not satisfy our curiosity as to his figure, complexion, eyes, features, voice, and manner? The art of the painter has derived from his life her noblest subjects. Hardly an incident of his life but has been made the subject of what is termed "sacred art;" yet the evangelists give no aid towards reproducing him on the canvas or on the marble; nor is this reserve broken within the canon of the New Testament. Strange, we must go to the Old Testament to find any thing that approaches to a notice of his personal appearance. The prophet Isaiah speaks of him as in visage more marred than any man, having no form nor comeliness, and no beauty that we should desire him.* These are not encouraging notices to those that seek after the bodily presence of Christ. On this very account some will not have them to be understood literally, but only as prophetic of the disappointed expectations of the Jews. But in whatever way we understand them, it is certain no one can find in them any thing

* Isaiah lli. 14, and Isaiah llii. 2.

to satisfy the desire of the early and Medieval Church in common with the heathen world, to represent the godlike under the perfection of physical beauty and majesty, or to encourage the Christian to use such helps to his devotion.

This silence is contrary to the universal practice of the Greek and Roman world. Take up the ancient memoirs of Socrates. Many are said to have been written by his disciples. Two have come down, those of Xenophon and Plato, themselves gifted men. Plato, the most refined of the Greek sages, the spiritual man, along with the sayings and doings and conversations of Socrates, gives all manner of particulars as to his personal appearance, his bald head, his flat nose, his thick lips, and prominent eyes, his round and robust figure, his homely dress, and bare feet,—just such peculiarities of the outward man as set him before us, as he paced the streets and highways of Attica twenty-four centuries ago, conversed in the market-place of Athens with all comers, and discoursed under its porticos with his youthful disciples.

Take up a modern biography—such a one as Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*—what is it we most prize in that work, and why do we style Boswell the prince of biographers, but because he gives us the *whole* man, as Johnson looked and lived and moved about, as he eat and drank and talked amongst his contemporaries, down to the involuntary twitchings of the muscles of his face, and the scar which early disease had left? On all such matters the four evangelists are silent. They give us four apparently independent narratives, unsurpassed in interest, yet deriving no part of their interest from such details. They give us parables, discourses, sayings of far-reaching thought, and unearthly purity and grandeur. They show us the Christ as he lived and suffered in action, and place before us a mind and heart wise above the wisdom, and loving beyond the love of the children of men; but without one word of the outward man of him who spoke and lived as never man did. They loved and revered him as no man was ever loved and revered. Why did they not express this as other men do? They lived and wrote only to make him known and loved. Why did they not take the way all other writers take of transmitting a beloved memory? They could have told us all these things, and they tell us nothing.

They could have given us a narrative personal as Boswell's, minute as the description of Solomon's temple, to form a groundwork for all poets, sculptors, and painters in all time to come, yet herein their four narratives are a total blank.*

Is it possible that the evangelists did not indulge, in the retirement of their own thoughts, in such recollections? Could it be that "The Crucified" did not rise before their imaginations, as they had seen him sitting at meat, or hanging on the cross, or ascending to heaven? To suppose they did not, were to divest them of their humanity. They must often, in imagination, have lived over every scene of that wonderful past, taxing memory and imagination to the utmost, until their absent seemed their present Lord. That nothing of all this should appear in their written narratives, is unaccountable. They wrote in Greek; but the Greeks were accustomed to see their gods, heroes, and every object of adoration, represented in the beautiful or majestic forms of Greek art. They wrote in the language of a people, whose artistic power prolonged the days of paganism, who were more apt than any other people to mistake beauty for truth—a mistake which afterwards paganized Christianity, and which ever returns in certain minds with every revival of the fine arts. Yet to this mistake the evangelists are never tempted.

It is true, this silence is after the manner of the Old Testament, which says nothing of the bodily presence of its worthies—nothing of the person of an Abraham, Moses, or David; but this only gives us a succession of thirty instead of fifteen writers, extending over two thousand eight hundred years, all observing the same reticence on subjects of common interest to all their readers. If we cannot account for the silence of the fifteen, how shall we account for that of the thirty, living at different times and places? There is also a great difference as to the persons respecting whom the Old and New Testaments are silent. Reserve as to the personal appearance of an Abraham or Moses was much less difficult; and therefore, by so much, less wonderful than silence as to the personal presence of the God-man. The writers of

* So far as we can recall, there is but one allusion to our Lord's manner in the four Gospels, in John xvii. 1: "These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven."

the Old Testament might very justly be afraid to dwell too much on the persons of its worthies, lest they should tempt to man-worship. But no such fears could keep back the recollections of a John respecting the person of the Messiah. His fears were only lest men should not honor him enough. Every reason for the reserve of the one seems a reason for the unreserve of the other. How difficult for Matthew to be wholly silent as to the personal appearance of him who called him from the receipt of custom, and for whom he made the great feast in his house! How much more difficult, when we know that Matthew wrote his narrative when he believed that his master was exalted to the right hand of Divine Majesty! How difficult for the affectionate John to tell of the time when he first saw our Lord on the banks of the Jordan, and heard the Baptist point to him, as "the Lamb of God," when he followed, and "abode with him that night!" Six times, in the course of six chapters of his Gospel, John tells us that he is the disciple Jesus loved, and on whose bosom he leant at meat; yet still no word of that loved Presence, which he was privileged to be so near. Two of his disciples meet him, after his resurrection, on his way to Emmaus. He talks with them by the way, and their hearts burn within them. He is recognized and vanishes out of their sight. An indelible image of that meeting must have fixed itself in their hearts; yet there is no transcript of it, no relic preserved; no, neither then, nor when recording their last look of him, when they gazed into heaven, as he receded from their sight, and blessed them.

Is this silence, also, to be explained by saying that the four Gospels are not histories, nor biographies in the modern sense, but notes and fragmentary recollections, the work of illiterate men, unaccustomed to, and unconscious of, the interest that would belong to such details? Why, the more we suppose them simple and unlearned, the more singular their silence. The narrative of such should have been minute and personal as those of women and children. If, on other matters, brief and fragmentary, here they should have abounded in just such fond and personal details. The difficulty requiring to be explained is, that being what they were, by birth and upbringing, they should have recorded just what they have done, neither more nor less,

—given all of him that is morally and spiritually great, and no more respecting his humanity than was needed to assure us that in all respects he was "one of us."

There remains the supposition that the New Testament writers had a strong peculiarity of mind and character, an idiosyncrasy so remarkable, that such matters, of interest to all others, had none for them. This hypothesis, allowable in the case of an individual, cannot be admitted of a succession. Unlikely in one writer, it becomes infinitely so in a succession, where the temptation to speak gathered strength with every increase of Christian converts, of curious inquirers, and with every decrease of surviving witnesses of the life of Christ—most of all when John wrote, the last survivor of the Twelve.

If these suppositions exhaust the attempts to account for this silence on any human principles, we are shut up to the acceptance of the account which these writers themselves give, that in this, as in other matters, they were moved thereto by the Holy Spirit. This silence is of God—a Divine silence; another internal evidence of that Presence which suggested or controlled what they should and should not record for the instruction of all ages,—an evidence the more impressive, that it has remained long unnoticed, or been observed only by the few, biding its time, its season, and its service. It is told of an Egyptian architect employed by one of the Pharaohs to erect a lighthouse on the Nile, that being ordered to inscribe on it the name of the monarch in whose reign and under whose patronage it was reared, he inscribed the name of his patron on the plaster, which time soon effaced, but his own on the stone beneath, which time disclosed as fast as the other disappeared. Who that saw the architect's name brought to light, could doubt that he had hidden it for a time, only that it might re-appear another day? and who, as he observes this silence, can doubt that it is of Divine forethought and intent, that Scripture might teach us, like the sundial, not only by its light but by its shadow?

What, then, does it teach? Two tendencies man has shown in all ages: The one to make a god of every new and striking object and appearance in nature,—or Polytheism; the other, to lose all thoughts of a personal God in creation,—or Pantheism. Both, in the view of Scripture, are idolatry,—the one

being idolatry in the particulars and details of creation, and the other in the sum. Against the first, the Jewish nation was, and still is, God's standing witness. Against the second, the New Testament has revealed a personal God in Jesus Christ. "The word became flesh and dwelt among us." This is the ladder let down from heaven, by which the human spirit ascends nearest to God. In Christ, as Son of Man, the ineffable brightness of the Godhead is shaded and softened by being humanized, that we may draw near to the Most Holy, not only without terror, but with filial confidence and love. How expressive are the New Testament names of our Lord! "The knowledge of God;" "The image of God;" "The express image;" "The brightness of His glory;" "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ;" "The fulness of the Godhead bodily."* Plutarch tells of an inscription on an Egyptian temple; "I am He that was, and is, and shall be; and who is he that shall draw aside my veil?" Christ has drawn aside the veil, and shown us the Father. "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father." Yet, in showing us all of the Father that human eyes and hearts can now receive, it was needful to guard the image.† When the Jewish Church got the Shekinah, though nothing more definite than a bright cloud, it was yet retired within the veil which only the High Priest could draw aside. In giving us that highest image, was there no need of retiring as well as of revealing it, lest his humanity should overshadow instead of revealing the Divine? Is not this silence the veiling of the Christian Shekinah? We have seen how little of this image we are permitted to see in the infancy and youth of the Messiah. Almost thirty years are passed in silence. In three only of his thirty-three years, he is openly seen and known, and seen best, it has been said, in the glory of his receding Majesty. "It is expedient that I go away;" not only that the Holy Spirit might come in his spiritual power, but in order that our Lord's bodily presence might not hinder the

higher objects of his Divine mission.* The image of Christ was to be perpetuated for worship, not on the canvas or marble, but on the human heart, through the written Word; not fixed and unchangeable, but a thing of life, to grow with the growth of each Christian, who, as he partook of the Divine nature, through grace, should see more of Christ, and through him enjoy more and more of the beatitude of the pure in heart,—“for they shall see God.” The rise of a Christianity of the senses and imagination so soon after the first witnesses were in their graves,—its revival from time to time to our day,—show us historically the meaning of this veiling of the Christian Shekinah.

In heathen countries, the gods were carried about in rings, amulets, and miniatures, that they might kiss and worship them, and they disdainfully asked the Christians to show them their gods. A religion without a visible God, altar, and sacrifice, with nothing but the memory of his sayings, sufferings, and doings to read and muse on, they did not understand; and to the worship of Christ by a visible image and sacrifice, Heathenism at length dragged down Christians. Yet, as if awed by this silence of the New Testament, no writer, for many centuries, attempted even to invent a description of Christ's person. Clemens, Barnabas, and Ignatius—called, from their nearness to apostolic times, “The Apostolic Fathers”—say nothing of the bodily presence of our Lord.† Either the Church was still too spiritual to desire it, or its leaders were too honest to invent what the first followers of Christ had withheld. So late as the fifth century, Augustine says “that the real features of the Virgin, as of our Lord, were unknown.‡

When the Fathers break this silence, it is only, says Milman, to dispute and differ from each other,—one party taking literally the words of Isaiah, “Without form and comeliness;” another as confident that the Divinity shone through his humanity, and endowing him with a celestial grace and corporeal beauty,

* Ephes. iii. 19; 2 Cor. iv. 4-6; Heb. i. 3; Col. ii. 9.

† Christ, after his resurrection, refuses bodily worship from Mary. “Touch Me not,” when she was about to throw herself at his feet.—John xx. 17; also in Luke xi. 27, 28, when he pronounces more blessed those that hear and obey, than those that see the Word made flesh; yea, more blessed than the mother that bore him: a strange thought to the worshippers of Mary.

* Alford, in his note on John iv. 24, says well, “That the Word became one flesh with us, that we might become one in spirit with him.” This would have been defeated by too full details of his humanity, or by making any other use of that humanity, than to raise and refine our spiritual ideal of God.

† See Milman's *Early Latin Christianity*, vol. iii. 516.

‡ Aug. *De Trinitate*, ch. 8.

bearing about a celestial halo on his head.* Still no Church historian of the first four centuries ventures a description of his personal appearance, leaving it to Nicephorus, a mere complier of history, and that so late as the fourteenth century, to give us a personal portrait, the only one which the learned Calmet, anxious for the credit of his church, knows of, to justify its many consecrated and miracle-working paintings of our Lord. As Christians departed from the spirit of the New Testament, they grew impatient of this silence, and made answer to themselves, pleased with the Christ of their own imagination, or of the favorite image of their day or their locality. It is said of a distinguished sculptor of our times, Thorswalden, that a friend one day seeing him dejected, and inquiring the cause, was answered, "My genius is decaying!" "What do you mean?" said his friend. "Here," said the sculptor, "is my statue of Christ. It is the first of my works with which I ever felt satisfied. Until now my idea has always been beyond what I could execute. It is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again." When the churches became satisfied with their portraits and statues of Christ, the genius of Christianity had declined. How unlike the ever-expanding ideal of the inspired writers!

We feel that we have only broken ground in a large field, in which may lie untold treasures. At another time we may renew the search for "the treasure hid in the field." But no one man nor age can read out this Silence. It has somewhat to say for the benefit of all men and all ages. As an argument of the Divine in the formation of the New Testament, it is ever calling up before us the idea of amazing circumspection. Not that of man, who sees only a little way on all sides of him but of him whose circle is eternity, and whose eye surveys at once the infinitely great and little, who says nothing and does nothing without a full knowledge, not only of the thing said or done in itself, but of all its re-

* See Milman's *Early Christianity* for details respecting this controversy. It is instructive to observe that Justin Martyr and Tertullian, and all the earlier Fathers, take the literal view of Isaiah. Origen, Jerome, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine, and all the later Fathers, farthest removed from apostolic feelings and traditions, took the view that at length prevailed and was realized in mediæval art.

lations to all time and all being, of all surroundings and all their issues. As an instruction, this finger on the lip has been ill understood at the right time, because men seldom take warning beforehand against evils on which their hearts are strongly set. There is, hardly an instance of this silence that may not still prove offensive to some one or other of the many phases of the religious character in our day, to the zealous observer of religious festivals, to the lover of Church legends, to the devoted ritualist, the frequenter of holy places, the too ardent admirer of logical systems, the eager stickler for ecclesiastical order, etc., etc.,—all that seek in Scripture that for which man was sufficient in himself, or which it was not to the purpose of a spiritual revelation to impart. To avoid all offence, it would be necessary to hold back not one or two instances of this silence, but one and all, be wholly silent as to the silence of Scripture. It is told of Raphael, that, intent on teaching a lesson to his critics, he adopted by turns their successive suggestions as to one of his paintings, inserting them in water colors over his own in oil. When they had exhausted their critical spirit, and he had complied with each suggestion in turn, he called them together to see the effect of the whole, when with one accord, they besought him to restore the original. A full search for, and discovery of, all "this treasure hid in the field of Scripture," would, we fear, be only, in its practical application, a succession of offences. Yet some compensation there would be in the readiness of each party and each individual to understand the finger on the lip designed for his neighbor; and the offended feelings might change into the reverential, on perceiving that Scripture, in its silence, is no respecter of persons or sects, but everywhere shows, in its silence, a wonderful length, breadth, and depth of insight into man and his ways. One thing we may feel from the silence of the New Testament, that God has given to Christians and churches a larger charter of freedom than in our local and ecclesiastical differences we imagined—a charter meet for that Gospel Church which, like the common sun, air, and water, is designed to exist in all regions, and is adapted to the people of all languages, customs, and climates, under heaven,—for the Kosmos.

From The Economist, 21 Jan.
COUNT CAVOUR'S RETURN TO OFFICE.

WHEN last year we at once bitterly lamented and heartily approved the retirement of Count Cavour from office,—lamenting the causes which rendered it necessary, and approving the protest of the statesman against a policy he could not creditably support,—we had little hope that Italian affairs would take a favorable course. That the *interim* ministry has acted as nearly as it dared on Cavour's policy, and has in fact simply smoothed his way back to a tenure of office not unlikely to prove more brilliant and fruitful of benefit to Italy than even his previous administrations,—must be laid entirely to the credit of the Italian people. It is evident from the very confession of the emperor of the French, that at the time of the peace of Villafranca he would not have been sorry to see the people of the Romagna return to their obedience,—under conditions of lay-government and better treatment,—and we conclude that the article in that treaty as to the exiled dukes and the pertinacity with which for a long time the emperor of the French insisted on it, prove that in Central Italy also he feared the innovating tendencies of the new *régime*. If France has changed her view, and changed her whole tone,—if Count Cavour, whose retirement was held to indicate a humiliation of Sardinia before France, is now able to return with colleagues whose names are less Sardinian than Italian,—Mamiani, a member of the last constitutional Roman administration in 1848, and a native we believe, of the Romagna,—Fanti, a representative of Central Italy,—Jacini, a Lombard of rising repute—the change is due to nothing but the pertinacity with which the Italians have urged,—and we must add the openness of mind with which the emperor of the French has appreciated,—the fact that Italy could no longer be turned into the meek tool, though she might become a valuable ally of France.

The Dabormida Ministry has fallen, we believe, more because they were felt to be an *ad interim* administration,—more because it was essential that Count Cavour and general Italian politicians of the highest note should assume the government so soon as the government should be in a position to act in the spirit of a powerful and independent nation,—than from any great shortcomings of their own. In foreign politics the administration clearly wavered,—probably unnecessarily wavered,—concerning the Regency of the Prince de Carignan; but they did much to repair their blunder by naming Count Cavour to represent them at the congress. It is said that in home politics they have been less firm,—that

they have shown a disposition to centralize, which has excited much popular odium, and a hesitation about calling together the Chambers which implied that they were afraid to face that odium. However this may be, there can be no doubt that directly the way was open for a bold resumption of Cavour's great national policy, Cavour only could have been called upon to resume it,—and that way was no doubt opened by the dismissal of Count Walewski, the open difference between the emperor and the pope, and the implicit guarantee to Italy that the constitutional policy might take its way without any apprehension that French troops would bear either the pope or the archdukes back to their dominions.

This new turn in Sardinian affairs makes it more than ever the duty of England to insist on the policy of leaving Italy to herself. The emperor of the French is a statesman of no ordinary ability; but, as we observed last week, he is apt to change rather too rapidly, so as to puzzle matter-of-fact politicians like the English. He has a policy when he ought to have none; he wants to set states to rights which can be only set to rights by being let alone. In short, he has views of reconstituting Europe; and, but for a great indisposition on our part to such schemes, and a rooted indisposition in Europe to being reconstituted, and a very sound mind of his own, which is quick to perceive this aversion, he would do much mischief. Even now, we fear, he is desirous to get England to endorse his views for Italy without first knowing them,—simply on the ground that he has proved that he desires Italian freedom. We are sure that our ministers will be on their guard against this. Italy can manage far better for herself, with Count Cavour at the helm, than France can manage for her. If France and England simply keep their own and all other extra-Italian hands off Italy, they will do infinitely more for Italy than by any amount of regulative interference. It is the one fundamental vice of the French foreign policy. There is still reason to fear lest the scheme of Italian federation and other crochets of the emperor,—in spite of that papal obstinacy, which has fortunately done so much to tire out the eldest son of the Church,—will be urged with very undesirable eagerness unless we throw into the other scale the dead-weight of English inertia. And now that we know that the most sagacious head in Europe is again guiding the policy of Piedmont, and therefore of Italy, we may be well content to pursue our non-intervention policy with even enthusiastic vigor.

From The Saturday Review, 31 Dec.
RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL article in the *Invalide Russe* announces that, in the opinion of the government of St. Petersburg, the political ideas of Austria, embodied in Count Rechberg's circular, are an anachronism. Brutus also appears among the enemies of the prostrate Caesar. The country which had the honor of originating the Holy Alliance, which under the Emperor Nicholas consistently upheld the sacred principle of hereditary despotism, which put down the Hungarian revolution, proclaims that the notion of restoring Italy to what the Austrian minister calls its normal state is simply absurd. The normal state of Italy now appears to the opened eyes of Russia as one vast and cruel blunder, protracted through forty-five years, whereas the abnormal state that has existed during the last eight months is regarded as equally creditable to the Italians and refreshing to the gaze of enlightened Europe. The pace with which things alter in the modern world could not be more clearly indicated than by a Russian document asserting within five years of the death of the Emperor Nicholas, that the policy of Prince Metternich was a failure. Austria is told, in the plainest language, that if she expects to find in Russia a support against the innovating ideas of Western Europe, she is making a very great mistake. It would be attaching too much weight to a semi-official article in a newspaper to suppose that the Russian government meant to foreshadow in it the exact line it intends to take in the congress; but there is no reason to doubt that this article is the genuine expression of a change in the general policy of Russia. The Emperor Nicholas arrogated the office, and to some extent fulfilled the duties, of a universal protector of sovereigns. Providence had confided to him the spiritual and temporal headship over sixty millions of semi-barbarians in order that he might effectually teach the subjects of foreign princes not to have a will of their own. His son has a different conception of the true policy of his country. He lives in a time when the internal welfare of Russia demands that a vast mass of old traditions and prejudices should be combated in order that there may be an adequate supply of free labor. In order to effect this, he has to appeal, and to permit others to appeal, to a set of ideas which a few years ago were as absolutely proscribed in Russia as the Bible is in Spain. Probably, also, he and his cabinet may grudge the profitable monopoly of a tenable political creed which the western nations have claimed for themselves since the formation of the close alliance between England and France. It answers so well to be considered specially en-

titled to promote the cause of civilization that Russia may naturally wish to have a finger in the pie.

But it must be remembered that it is not only Russia that has changed. The sort of revolution which she once felt it her duty to suppress is for the present as much an anachronism as the policy of Austria. The case in behalf of restoring the normal state of Italy principally fails because, in its abnormal state, Italy merely defends a very good cause in a quiet, orderly, and irreproachable manner. It is this which cripples the power and ties the hand of Austria. And the difficulty which is pressing on her in Hungary is almost exactly the same that meets her in Italy. The Hungarians are trying hard not to revolt. They may be forced into a trial of arms, but that is not their object. They claim what they have an exceedingly good right to claim—the restoration of a constitution which they enjoyed for five hundred years; and they claim it by peaceful means. It is because they keep within the law, in spite of the strength which they gain from the astonishing unanimity of Slaves and Magyars, Catholics and Protestants, that the Hungarians are now so formidable to Austria. Every step the government takes, every offer at reconciliation it makes, is met with a temperate but firm application for the restoration of the Diet. Three months ago the emperor issued a patent regulating the affairs and position of the Protestants. The answer has been a petition to the emperor to withdraw the patent, not so much because its provisions were objectionable, as because the Protestants have already clearly defined rights under the old constitution, and will not accept a new position from the hands of the emperor.

This petition is stated to have been signed personally, or through representatives, by a number of persons so nearly equalling the whole Protestant population that we must suppose the babies in arms to have been among those who signed in the latter way. A display of unanimity almost as striking has baffled the attempt of the government to introduce a measure of communal reform. With the greatest difficulty committees of proprietors and great noblemen were induced to meet for the purpose of taking the proposed measure into consideration, and making its intended provisions generally known. But all these committees have reported that they find the Diet is the proper body to discuss measures of legislation, and that they cannot, at the request of the government, usurp the functions of the Diet. There are, of course, puerilities in the Hungarian movement, but then they show that the movement is popular and ardently supported. The students at a Hungarian university have suddenly declared

themselves unable to understand the lectures of a German professor; and a Protestant pastor has announced his intention to excommunicate any one who is afraid of the intimidation threatened by the Austrian authorities—which, even for a spiritual threat, is unusually vague. But popular puerilities, following in the wake of a disciplined resistance on the part of the natural leaders of the people, are signs of strength, not weakness. It was easy to laugh at the waving of tricolor flags and the erection of plaster casts of the Sardinian arms which lately occupied so much of the attention of the Italians, but it would have been very serious if no enthusiasts had cared to wave the flags and erect the casts. The Hungarian movement, like the Italian, is at once sensible and popular, and Austria has no more chance of resisting the one than the other.

The Russian article indulges in a sneer at the Germanic Confederation. Count Rechberg had said that, until Italy was restored to its normal state, Austria could not be expected to attend to the reform of the Bund. The reply was obvious—that the Bund was as much a failure as the Italian policy of Prince Metternich. We do not think this would be so clear to a German as to a Russian, but at any rate it is indisputable that the confederation must soon be recast, and the whole relations of North and South Germany be altered. In Germany, as in Italy and Hungary, the ideas of Austria are an anachronism, and the same determination exists to secure a legitimate triumph for other principles, by peace-

ful means if possible. The basis of the Austrian rule in Italy was the notion that the Italians must be handed over to the Austrians in order to keep France in check. The basis of the recent administration of Hungary was the notion that it served the cause of order to govern by a central bureaucracy. The basis of the supremacy of Austria in the Bund was the notion that the princes of Germany were to be kept independent of their subjects. These notions are out of date now. Russia has declared them to be so, and that is like Mr. Newdegate acquiescing in free trade. Austria will have to change or perish; but it may be observed that the mode in which the change is forced on her is rather in favor of her changing, and not perishing. When men compel their adversaries by peaceful means, they are induced to abstain from extremes, because all they gain by the existence of their adversaries forces itself on their attention. The Hungarians will cling to Austria if she will allow them. They feel how weak and unprotected they would be with Russia always on their flank; and in Germany, although we hear blusters about civil war and open separation, there is evidently sufficient tenderness felt for Austria to allow effect to the abiding sympathies that, in the long run, are sure to tell in her favor. The hatred and fear of France, and the strength of the Roman Catholic party, are sure to give her a legitimate and permanent importance in Germany long after she has resigned all pretensions to dictate to Prussia, and to make the general policy of the confederation retrograde.

NOTE TO ARTICLE II. IN NO. CXXIV. ON DR. CAMPBELL'S VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1775.*—Since the publication of our last number we have received from the editor of Dr. Campbell's diary, who resides at Sydney, some further particulars which complete the identification of the nephew of Dr. Campbell as the person by whom the manuscript diary was conveyed to New South Wales. It will be remembered that we showed (p. 327) that Mr. Thomas Campbell proceeded from the Cape of Good Hope with Governor Macquarrie in 1810 to New South Wales. Mr. Raymond now informs us that he had previously ascertained that the diary had been in the possession of John Thomas Camp-

bell, brother of the Rev. Charles Campbell of Newry. This gentleman was provost marshal and for some time colonial secretary at Sydney. He died in 1829, and it appears from his will registered in the supreme court in New South Wales, that he bequeathed a considerable property to his sisters resident in Ireland. These facts complete the explanation of the singular removal of the manuscript diary from Ireland to the place where it was discovered at the Antipodes. It will be interesting to our readers to know that the materials for the article on Dr. Campbell's diary were communicated to us by Lord Macaulay, and that this very note was, in fact, his last contribution to these pages, made within a short time of his death.—*Edinburgh Review*.

* *Living Age*, No. 811.—Vol. 63. p. 673.

From The Spectator, 14 Jan.
THE "NEW PLANET" AND ITS DISCOVERERS.

WHILE men are pursuing their conflicts, philosophers are calmly pursuing their discoveries; and while the pope is threatened with being freed for a more elevated, and it is to be hoped a progressively elevated performance of his spiritual duties, by losing a slice of the temporal earth which he owns, a whole planet has been added to the known domain of science. The honor of this discovery is due to M. Leverrier, who, as he shares with our Adams the discovery of Neptune, the outermost known planet of our system, so he shares with three or four other gentlemen the discovery of the innermost known planet. The circumstances of the discovery are curious and interesting. In a communication to the Academy of Sciences on the 12th of February last, M. Leverrier stated that a certain error in the secular movement of the perihelion of Mercury could only be explained on the supposition of another planet between that one and the sun; and subsequently M. Leverrier learned that a new planet had actually been discovered, and seen months previously. He at once visited the discoverer, and has drawn before the world one of the most singular of amateur astronomers. This is Dr. Lescarbault, a physician living and practising at Orgères, in the department of the Eure-et-Loire, who with limited finance but resourceful ingenuity had constructed for himself an observatory and the instruments thereof. For instance, he had made himself a pendulum marking seconds by means of an ivory ball and a bit of string. Being short of paper he made his calculations with charcoal on a deal board, cleaning that rough slate when it was full with a plane. On the 26th of March, while the sky was overcast for the greater part of France, the sun shone brightly on Orgères, and M. Lescarbault took an observation. While he was thus engaged he saw a small black round spot pass over the sun's disc. He calculates that the diameter of the new planet is three hundred and ten leagues, the inclination of its orbit to the ecliptic twelve degrees, the period of its revolution round the sun nineteen days and seventeen hours, its greatest distance from the sun seven degrees, that of Mercury being twenty-five de-

grees. M. Leverrier accepts this as the planet that he has detected by more abstract calculations.

But doubts are instantly suggested, both in Paris and London; and it is curious to remark the glaring inaccuracies of statement into which the order of observers, whose calculations should be most precise, suffer themselves to be misled. The distance of Mercury from the sun is roughly stated at 37,000,000 miles; that of the new planet would thus be about 10,000,000 or a little more; leaving ample room and verge enough for another planet or planets—a remark at once made in Paris. But a claim is put in from London to the prior discovery of M. Lescarbault's planet, and by no less a person than the city chamberlain, Mr. Benjamin Scott, who tells his own tale in a letter to the *Times*.

"I was at the period [midsummer, 1847] stated testing the power of a telescope which I had for a few weeks upon approval, when, just at sunset, I turned the object glass upon the sun's disc, and was astonished to observe what appeared to be a transit of Venus or Mercury. I satisfied myself that the glasses could be relied on, but, hardly believing the evidence of my sense of vision, I called my son, a boy at that time five years old (and now living), the only person within hail, and bade him tell me what he saw, when he confirmed my impression by exclaiming, 'I see a little balloon on the sun!' The sun was rapidly sinking, and I had time only to make a hasty and, of course, insufficient measurement of the bulk of the body, which appeared of nearly the same diameter as Venus, and I estimated its diameter roughly at about four thousand miles. I had never heard of any similar observation, and, in my utter perplexity, I referred to the Ephemeris, to see if, by possibility, a transit of either Mercury or Venus had been overlooked, but no such phenomena was expected. I should state that it was impossible to confound the body with any spots upon the sun; it was perfectly circular, and its outline was as sharply defined as a blot of the darkest ink on the whitest of paper. At sunrise it had departed, and that from a position on the sun's face which would have required from six to seven days for that purpose had it passed out of vision by the rotation of the sun on its axis."

But Mr. Scott was not the first English discoverer, nor was M. Leverrier the first predictor. "The body alluded to," says Mr.

Scott, "was first seen by M. Llof on the 6th of January, 1818, and in 1837 Dr. Dick wrote in his *Celestial Scenery* that within the orbit of Mercury a planet might probably exist, though the observation would be difficult, except in the case of actual transit, on account of the close proximity of the planet to the sun's effulgence. It *might* be seen, says Dr. Dick, by interposing an opaque body shielding the sun and the surrounding space to the extent of "at least twelve degrees"—which would have effectually shut out Lescarbault's planet. Mr. Scott closes his really interesting letter with a naïve remark—

"Assuming Dr. Lescarbault's measurement to be approximately correct, I am satisfied that two such bodies exist between Mercury and the sun (and will ultimately be discovered), and that I have seen one and Dr. Lescarbault the other; for I cannot convince myself that any disadvantages of observation could so far have deceived me as to make a body actually three hundred and ten leagues, or nearly one thousand miles, in diameter appear nearly four times that magnitude."

So that Mr. Scott has contested the poor discovery of Dr. Lescarbault's planet, because he had himself seen *another* planet. This rivals the new discovery about Shakspeare,—that the well-known plays and poems were not by William Shakspeare, but by another person of the same name!

In truth, the contestation about "first discovery" is, as it usually is, idle. Although the fact of "discovery" is usually taken by the vulgar as the test of greatness, it is not in that event that the greatness really lies. Mankind were satisfied of Columbus' greatness because he "discovered" America,—which he did not expect to find! Harvey "discovered" the circulation of the blood,—upon the precise nature of which Draper has thrown such elucidatory doubts. Newton "discovered" gravitation,—which is less un-

derstood the more we explore it; and John Herschel admits that some other influence probably assists in ruling the movements at least of certain planets. The real greatness of thought lies, not in finding out a particular thing, though that were the philosopher's stone, but in attaining to a larger knowledge of the laws unfolded in the working of the creation itself. It has been observed that the hereditary astronomer, John Herschel, has not been lucky in the making of "discoveries;" but who doubts his vast and clear insight into the sublimest of laws unfolded to human contemplation?—that knowledge adding to the very resources and consciousness, and elevation of human life. The ingenious and justly esteemed Lescarbault, using his ingeniously contrived instruments to study the works of the creation for himself, *happened* to see a planet, as Llof had done before him; and as Dick and others had guessed that planets might be "discovered." Leverrier grappled with the work of close observation, and made himself so far master of the law, that he *ascertained* the existence of the planet though he had not seen it; and Lescarbault's lucky observation supplied but the journeyman's finish to the master's work. Not that it is any mean honor to be a journeyman in that school. It has been justly observed of science that its labors can only be prosecuted with success in a spirit of disinterestedness,—since man never precisely foresees what he discovers some day if he will but diligently and with single mind study the works of the Creator—a study which increases the sources of life for the race, and identifies the student with the thought that rules the universe. Instead, therefore, of competing for the acknowledgment of "prior discovery," the peers of science, like those of art, rest their pride and glory in the common conquests of the community to which they belong.

Who's Who in 1860. Twelfth Year. Baily Brothers.

THIS handy little summary is accurate as ever, and includes, as usual, not only names

but dates of all appointments. It shows, therefore, the standing of peers, foreign ministers, officers, counsellors. Royal academicians, and others, while it tells also the ages of eldest sons. —*Examiner*.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THOUGHTS ON RESERVED PEOPLE.

BY A CANDID MAN.

WHEN, enveloped in a cloud, folded up by the tender care of his goddess mother, that pious hero Æneas, hidden from his friends, enjoyed the privilege of watching all their proceedings, he was tasting the pleasures of a reserved character; they standing in the light to him and he in the dark to them. He knew all that they were about, and they knew nothing about him. Nay, they did not even know that they knew nothing; for though they were aware that their eyes did not behold him, they were not aware that he was near enough to them in the relations of space to admit of the possibility of his being seen. He was experiencing the delight without the danger of a reservation; for he was not suspected of withholding himself. Had he been suspected—had there entered into the mind of any one of that troop of friends the dimmest, remotest, faintest notion of the cloud that concealed him, what efforts would have been made to rend it, what cries, what clamors, what supplications to the goddess to unveil him before the appointed time; for human nature has a detestation of concealment—a detestation which proceeds from many causes. There is curiosity, in itself a strong impulse; there is pride, and there is suspicion. Curiosity longing to peep behind the curtain, pride resenting the absence of confidence, and suspicion suggesting that where the lock is so rigidly secured, there must be some blue chamber with its unpleasant contents behind it. The reserved man, therefore, is an object of dislike and distrust; but he is also a subject of interest. He repels confidence, but he excites attention; and he has the whole enjoyment of his own individuality. He rejoices in the superiority of an unimparted knowledge. Is it not agreeable from a high window to survey the movements of a crowd below?—dancing, laughing, leaping, fighting, crying, kissing—to analyze their agitations—to smile at their disturbances—to be yourself secure and still—a looker-on who is not looked at—to be audience to a drama, and to criticise the actors who cannot criticise you?

This is the privilege of the reserved men.

He conceals his emotions, he buries his feelings, he masks his passions. He controls his features: every muscle is under his command; there is no such thing with him as a sponta-

neous movement. He revels in a continual victory. He baffles curiosity, he defeats expectation, he destroys hope. He wears his shroud before he is in his tomb. The inquisitive crowd will pluck at it, but will draw back shivering when they feel how cold it is.

They wonder, they fear, they admire—and they admire with good reason. The power of concealment is in itself worthy of admiration; the man who wears so strong an armor must needs be a strong man, and it is the consciousness of a valuable possession that suggests the necessity for a defence.

The habit of reserve has most often its origin in a disbelief in sympathy, in the existence of some qualities or some emotions with which those who are classed as fellow-creatures are not likely to have any fellow feeling.

There is in such characters, it may be, a sensibility fine and true, that sinks itself deep; too delicate to mix with vulgar streams. If you would taste the purity of this water you must dig laboriously for it. There is, it may be, a passionate power, fervent and concentrated; too full to dribble out; too strong to dissipate itself in petty phrases and agreeable expressions of sentiment; or perhaps an intelligence high and extended, to which views are granted infinitely beyond the horizon of the general eye.

Cassandra knew too much. She was not reserved; and she was therefore thought to be mad. In her mental agony she struggled with the persecuting Phœbus.

"Why didst thou send me here?

Here in this city of the blind to dwell,
With sight too darkly clear?"

It was part of her penalty that she was obliged to express herself.

Men have been distinguished from beasts, say the loquacious, proudly, by the gift of speech. True; but have they not also been distinguished by the gift of silence? They are not constrained to purr, or to wag their tails when they are pleased, or to howl and caterwaul when they are in extremities; they are allowed to reserve their emotions. The human countenance, the most delicate indicator of feeling, the dial that may with its record fix the shadow of every flitting passion, can silence its indications at will, and become a mere blank. A decent gravity of expression may cover anger; tenderness may hide itself securely behind the wall of com-

pressed lips; exultation may bury itself under downcast eyelids; a movement of joy may shelter itself beneath the wrinkles of the brow, or the whole features in combination may be ordered by the commanding officer to stand at ease in a position of total repose while the thoughts are full of war and tumult. No other creature but man has this power; it is a high privilege which must be used by all men more or less.

Those who use it the less are recognized as the frank and open; those who use it the more as the reserved and close.

The two characters are sometimes combined, and the skilful diplomatist is he who maintains his reserve under a free, liberal semblance, whose smile is ready, whose hand is extended, whose words flow easily, but whose mind is locked up.

"Right humanitie," says the wise Lord Burleigh in a letter to his son, "takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easier gained by unprofitable curtesies than by churlish benefits."

Now, the unprofitable courtesy is not incompatible with reserve, although the disposition of the reserved man will frequently incline him to the practice of its opposite. The very summit of exterior politeness may be reached without any revelation from within; and the Frenchman who in the bitterness of impending suffocation could not forget the polite phrase, and gasped out to his host while he struggled with his mortal foe—"Sir, I have the honor to have a bone in my throat"—may have been as reserved in character as any Englishman. Reserve, indeed, is rather an aristocratic characteristic. "The prince of darkness is a gentleman." And it is the ill-bred, coarse-mannered man who is the most often garrulously given, who is glib and oily, who noises his sentiments and enters into the details of his domestic life, of his small afflictions, and of his personal history, as soon as he makes your acquaintance. Such a man will talk to you of his diseases and of his remedies, of his troubles with his servants, and of his quarrels with his wife, with unlimited and undesired freedom, if he do but meet you in a railroad-carriage. Such a man is too full of himself ever to doubt the full sympathy of his hearer.

It is not, however, with the mere gentlemanly civility that friendship can be satisfied—politeness belongs to the early stages of ac-

quaintance, and the courtesies that friendship asks are of a different kind. Friendship will ask for a soothing, kindly tenderness; and when trouble comes, will claim some demonstration of gentle charity, some drops of sacred pity; but the reserved man will not give them. Much else he may give, but not that; and if you attempt in such a sort to draw upon his sympathies, your bill will be dishonored.

His atmosphere is incapable of radiation: the heats of emotion may travel to his heart, but they will not flow back again; they will not pass out in either words or looks. As lamps in sepulchres, they remain unseen; yet not, as those, useless. They will light the way to the act of sacrifice and self-denial; for the same man who is so much a miser in expression will be prodigal in action; will, with that noblest self-denial which denies its own existence pour out his generous assistance. Let there be a definite, tangible good to give, and he will give it at any cost to himself. Devotion, of time, of strength, of money, of thought; the sacrifice of his own pleasure, of his own comfort, his own desires—the secret sacrifice—these things may come from him in good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over; he will shrink from no service but that of admitting an acknowledgment of his service. He is a friend in ambush.

In the moment of danger and anguish when you are about to be cut down, he starts from his hiding-place to your rescue. Your gratitude overflows, you fling yourself before him and pour it out; you lay at his feet the rich abundance of your love—to have it kicked away. He will not stoop to pick it up; his glance is averted, and he turns his back upon you; disappearing again among those mists in which it is his pleasure to dwell, though for a moment he emerged from them, and stood in that clear light of affection which made him look so radiant.

But if it be his pleasure to shroud himself again, why should you complain? What just grievance have you? Is the very nobleness of his nature to serve as a plea against him? Because he has made one sacrifice are you to claim another? Do you give him your love and then exact a penalty in return, calling upon him to give up in exchange his dear impenetrability? Should affection be a matter of barter? Should you not rather check

for him the fulness of your own utterance, and do homage to his virtue by your self-restraint?

There are certain crystals which contain within them a hidden fire. Cold and silent for long, long centuries they may remain, but if you subject them to the action of heat they will gleam with a quick light—and every particle will show like a glowworm in the night. The fire within them is only elicited at a raised temperature; they must be warmed into life. So it is with some hearts. Their vitality is only to be recognized under the influence of a sudden glow—to be recognized only so, at least, by the general eye; but to the skilled and delicate observer, the symptoms of that vitality are to be detected even in their normal condition. The philosopher understands the secret sign, and through the subtle structure he discerns the mystery of that complex nature. He discerns it with a deep and loving wonder.

It is remarkable how the impulsive nature will cling to the controlled, how the eager and flowing will do homage to the superiority of a compressed calm.

Shakspeare's Horatio is an essentially reserved man, cool and constant in exterior—a man of few words. Hamlet, impulsive, eager, swayed by contending passions, amazed with doubts, and thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls, turns to him with trust, feels a security in his repose, a dependence on his quiet judgment.

"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

* * * * *
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

Such a man Horatio is, till the last dire extremity arrives, when at the fatal moment of his friend's advancing death, the secret passion of his nature is revealed. The silent depths of his sensibility are disclosed—the affections rise in revolt against the despotic rule—the emotions defy the master hand, and the man, distracted, clutches at the poisoned cup.

"I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;
Here's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet arrests him:—

"As thou art a man, give me the cup—
O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
hind me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
pain
To tell my story.

Horatio obeys. The obedience is evidently consistent with the whole character; but the momentary triumph of an intense suffering is not less so. Hamlet loved in Horatio, not an insensible man, but a man whose sensibilities were under a fixed control.

It was natural that he should appeal to such a man to be the vindicator of his fame. The silent, reserved, just man, would speak only to convince, he would not waste his force, he would live to tell the story truly and faithfully, and his story would be believed.

Hamlet appeals in the first instance to that strong manhood, which he with his more passionate and feminine characteristics clings to; but in the next, to the self-denying tenderness which his own fine susceptibilities have been able to recognize. And so we see Horatio survive to fulfil the last wish, to take upon himself the sacred office (and what is more sacred than this?) to defend the dead from slander, to keep the name that remains pure from taint as the life was that is gone—to preserve a high reputation from the attacks of the base, from the rust and moth that corrupt, and from the thieves who break through and steal—to instruct, with a view to this end, the yet unknowing world how these things came about, not when the blow has once fallen passing into the extravagances of grief and mourning, but entering immediately upon a plain recital of facts, and addressing himself to Fortinbras with the settled composure which is becoming to a faithful messenger.

Particular qualities distinguish families, races, and nations; the northern races are the more restrained, the southern the more demonstrative. The English are noted at once as a reserved and as a poetical people.

"La nation Anglaise," says M. Ch. de Rémusat, with a just acknowledgment of our national qualities rare in a French writer, "est loin d'être un peuple sans imagination. Quel pays moderne plus fertile en grands poètes?"

The French, with their profuse words, their love of attitude, their natural tendency to dis-

play, diffuse their emotions over a wide surface, and their writers are sentimental and epigrammatic rather than passionate and poetical.

The *sang-froid* Anglais, which, being truly translated, is English reserve, is at once a theme for the satire and respect of the French authors. The well-got-up English gentleman in French comedy is ludicrous in his composure. With a sandy wig, sandy whiskers, an eye-glass, and a stoop of the neck, he walks quietly through the most agitated scenes, never hurrying his step nor altering his favorite position. And when things have reached their dramatic climax, in the general torrent and whirlwind of passion, continuing to take his cool observation of proceedings, and uttering nothing more than these two monosyllables, "Oh, yes!"

But the most eloquent, ardent, and imaginative of French writers has chosen a calm Englishman for the hero of her romance. While Lord Nevil is sailing away in serene dignity, Corinne is beating her head against a stone.

The impulsive nature is undoubtedly the more popular, but the reserved commands a higher and a deeper love. The impulsive, ardent in profession, eager in expression, in action can do no more than keep pace with promise, and more commonly falls below it; while the reserved and self-contained, making no promise, holding out no hope, is ever in advance of his own word, and the smallest act of kindness comes from him like a deed of grace. "Dark, and true, and tender is the north," says the poet; and "fierce, and false, and fickle is the south."

But this is rather in semblance than in fact.

The cold and silent north seems true by refraining from speech; the hot and forward south seems fickle, by speaking too much; for it is certain that no human being is altogether constant and consistent; only as long as he suppresses his opinions and feelings, the changes they undergo are not found out, while those who are given to much speaking, furnish the record of their own fluctuations, and are judged or misjudged accordingly, being often accused of insincerity where they should be the rather praised for their candor in admitting the error of a preconceived opinion, too great a haste in publication being the only fault of which they are really guilty.

The danger of the ready speaker lies in an expenditure of force. He runs the risk of being satisfied with the good word, to the neglect of the good deed; while the reserved man runs the risk of totally extinguishing the fire that he seeks to hide; for affection at last will languish to death for want of expression—and life of all kinds will lose itself in darkness.

If a nature be nobly stamped, is it not a pity to call in art to alter its face? Let vice have recourse to the screen, let the deformed visage be thickly covered, but let virtue show us something of the fairness of her aspect, and let the veil she wears be delicate, that we may discern through it the sweetness of her countenance.

Reserve is often mistaken for shyness, and sometimes for pride; with shyness it has in truth no kindred. Shyness is a timidity, an embarrassment in the presence of others, which proceeds rather from the physical condition of the nerves, than from any peculiar mental quality. Reserve is a mental effort. A baby may be shy, but a baby cannot be reserved. Reserve is steadfast and not troubled; and except where the emotions are called into play, does not affect the flow of social intercourse. With the reserved man, so long as you remain in the regions of taste and fancy, you may walk pleasantly through sunny paths and meadows, and pull sweet flowers as you go. It is only when you would enter upon the avenues of feeling that you run against the high closed gate.

Wordsworth in describing a poet has described a reserved man:—

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley he has viewed,
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude."

But how, cries the hasty reader, can a poet be reserved? Is it not the business of his life to proclaim his passion, to detail to the public all the conflicts, struggles, and agonies of his fighting soul? Does he not confide his griefs, and open the inner shrine of his heart, to the printer and publisher?

It is true, and yet he could not do it to a friend. He can address a public whom he does not see, but not the friend whom he does see, because he knows the exact boundary of his friend's sympathies; while in that large

mass of unknown, there are unsounded depths of sensibility to appeal to, and to them, as the player to his audience, he may make his soliloquy aloud.

The height and depth of the love cherished towards the reserved has been spoken of. It is so deep, because we admire the more reverentially whatever is beyond the extent of our perception. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter yet." And there is "the unknown joy that knowing kills." Is not the fascination of the difficult and the dark entrancing in its kind? See how navigators are pressing on constantly to the north pole, at the risk of being ice-bound, wrecked and miserably starved, merely because there is something to be discovered.

This affection is so high, so exalted, because it is free from the taint of self-love, and does not venture to ask for a return; content with the happiness of esteeming a true excellence and of giving without expecting to receive.

The impulsive man trusts his friend too much: the reserved man trusts only himself. The impulsive man may be depised, but cannot be hated. The reserved man may be hated, but cannot be depised. He occupies the fortress; he holds the strong, impregnable position. He is behind the walls, and our

shots whiz past him. He reveals no front to the foe. He will tire out the besieger. Only let him take care that while he makes his lines of defence against the enemy so strong, he does not also close the way to friendly supplies.

All virtues may be carried into an excess which converts them into faults; and reserve, which is, after all, control, may pass into a repelling stoicism. Such a danger attends its constant exercise. And yet, if the present writer could be transported by a wizard's wand back into childhood, and then be asked by too indulgent parents what he would wish to be in after life, he would unhesitatingly reply, "a reserved man," in order to taste those peculiar pleasures, that timid homage, that proud sense of impenetrability, which have here been described. There is no wizard's wand; and no such choice is offered to him; he has nearly run his course out, and there is no turning back. He cannot disguise from himself (not being apt at disguise) that he has not been hitherto a reserved man; but he may do his best with the little space that remains; and in writing at the present moment, he is conscious of viewing himself with a respectful satisfaction for the concealment that he practises while he holds back his name.

DEATH OF WILLIAM E. BURTON.—William E. Burton, the comedian, who lately died in New York, was born in London in the year 1804. He came to this country in 1834 and was for a time a manager in Philadelphia and other American cities. In 1847 he went to New York, purchased Palmo's Opera House in Chambers Street, and soon rendered it one of the most popular places of amusement in the city. When that property became more valuable for business than for theatrical purposes, Mr. Burton leased the theatre now known as the Winter Garden, but this enterprise not proving a success, he made a professional tour through the South, and finally played his last engagement at Niblo's a few months ago. Mr. Burton was considered the best low comedian on the American stage. In Shakspearean plays his most celebrated parts were Falstaff, Nick Bottom, Caliban. He was also a writer of some note, and a thorough Shakspearean scholar. He died of disease of the heart.

GENTLENESS.

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.

A wrong done to thee think a cat's eye spark,
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.

Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,

Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,
Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.

Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds

Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,

Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,

A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,

Think it God's message, and in humble pride

With heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains—

Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

Coleridge.

From The Saturday Review.

PSYCHOLOGY OF SHAKSPEARE.*

THE most agreeable of commentaries on Shakspeare are those which deal with his characters as representatives of human nature, and leave to verbal critics the useful, though often pugnacious, business of settling or un-settling his text. We highly respect the labors of Messrs. Dyce, Collier, and Knight in our own day, and of their predecessors in the past; and on their foundation must be laid all ethical, critical, or psychological inquiries into the persons and scenes of the poet. But we confess to reading with much more satisfaction what Ulrici, Schlegel, Mrs. Jameson, and now Dr. Bucknill have respectively written on that inexhaustible theme—just as we prefer a well-written history or memoir to the most instructive dictionary or grammar. The archæologist and the verbal critic have indeed been often much too busy with their operations on Shakspeare. The former generally seems to imagine the poet nearly incapable of invention, and accordingly detects in the manners and customs, or the obscure literature of the past, the sources or the hints of his conceptions. The latter assumes too liberally that he wrote in the conventional and current language of his own day, and cannot regard his text as authentic until he has shown by examples that Shakspeare's dialect is that of Peele and Marlowe on the one hand, or of Webster, Decker, or Marston on the other. Each of these hobbies has been hard-riden—indeed, over-riden—and yet, as regards a canonical text of the poet, we have made little advance upon the labors of Theobald or Steevens.

Dr. Bucknill's book is the fruit of the leisure hours of a life employed in alleviating the most terrible of human calamities. He is a physician of the insane, and has already distinguished himself as a writer on "Mental Science." His professional studies and opportunities for observation have led him to compare what he has seen in his own practice with ideal delineations of melancholy and madness. He has, therefore, almost unavoidably paid much attention to Shakspeare's treatment of various cases of mental disease, and he thus justly and modestly advances in his preface the following plea for his present work:—

"The shoemaker who criticised the work of the great painter of antiquity, was listened

* *The Psychology of Shakspeare.* By John Charles Bucknill, M.D., etc. London: Longmans. 1858.

to with respect so long as he confined his observations within the limits of his own practical knowledge. If in the following essays the author has ventured to submit the works of another great master to the test of comparison with the special knowledge of a workman, he trusts that his opinions may receive that consideration to which a long and attentive experience of the irregular phenomena of mind may appear fairly to entitle them. As the shoemaker, doubtless, found it a more easy and agreeable occupation to criticise painted sandals than to make leather ones, so the author of these essays has found the study of his own science, as it is represented in the works of the immortal dramatist, a delightful recreation from the labors of his practice. If he could by any charm transfer to his readers but a small portion of the pleasure which he has enjoyed in writing the following pages, he would need to make no apology for their publication, nor entertain any fear of their favorable reception."

To Shakspeare, indeed, alone among our dramatic poets can the mental physiologist resort with any reasonable hope of instruction or elucidation in his science—just as among the German dramatists none but Goethe would be of any avail. Greek tragedy was too severe in its scheme, and too limited in its sphere of emotion, for it to admit generally of such disturbance of the mental elements as the exhibition of insanity or even the speculations of the melancholy man demand. The most pathetic of ancient dramatic poets has indeed, thrice dealt with mania, in the cases of Pentheus, Hercules, and Orestes. The most impassioned of them has introduced Cassandra in her prophetic fury, and Orestes chased by the weird sisters of the ethnic stage; and the most statuesque of them has depicted the ravings of Ajax. But in no one of these instances is the madness instructive or suggestive, like that of Hamlet or Lear. The very objectivity of Greek art was an insurmountable obstacle to such creations as those of Shakspeare. In the case of Orestes—the most completely handled of them all—the furies are external and embodied; in the spectral hunt of their victim they post over sea and land; they speak audibly; they brandish real scourges; they cite the criminal to a palpable judgment-seat. Theirs is, indeed, an assault on the mind—not a breaking-up of its great deeps, nor a revelation of powers that had lain hid in it, until they were evoked by the might of intolerable woe or masterless passion. Again, among the moderns the

Saul of Alfieri is a picture of profound sadness, accompanied by uncertain fears. But the character is cast in an antique mould; and though it might have satisfied an Athenian audience, it throws little or no light on the phenomena of mental disease. The "humors" of Ben Jonson are mostly personal affectations or eccentricities, nearer akin to folly than to madness; nor, though the Elizabethan dramatists often dally with mania, and even lay the scene in a madhouse, has any one of them, except Shakspeare, dealt with a diseased mind at once as a philosopher and a poet. After the Restoration, there is scarcely a dramatic picture of madness worth mentioning, or any character whose physiology is much worth studying. Belvidera raves and Monimia mourns in quite a different fashion from Ophelia or Lady Macbeth. The tokens of their insanity are their white satin robes and dishevelled hair—time out of mind the stage costume of disordered intellects. But with Shakspeare's men and women, be they sane or insane, we can deal as with persons whom we know intimately, or whose qualities and properties we gather from the study of authentic records. Though bodiless, and merely creatures of the brain, they are as palpable to the intellectual sense as the Charles or Cortes of Titian, or the Rupert and Henrietta of Vandyke are to the natural eye. In comparison with the vivid personality of Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth, of Juliet, Ophelia, and Beatrice, of Falstaff, Dogberry, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, of the Henries and Edwards, of the Antony and Coriolanus of Shakspeare, the most finished portraits of other stage poets are faint and uncertain, like "those ineffectual ghosts" whom Ulysses talked with in Hades.

The psychological problems examined by Dr. Bucknill are those of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, Ophelia, Lady Constance, Timon of Athens, Jaques and Malvolio, with a brief appendix of persons whose wits are a little warped—insanurient, so to speak, if circumstance aided them. It would be to little purpose to abridge any one of Dr. Bucknill's sketches of the higher types of mental disease—so fine are the links which bind the sanity with the insanity of Hamlet, so gradual the process by which Lear passes from the violence of an ill-regulated mind to the fury of mania, or the milder form of dotage which exhausted physical strength pro-

duces. We are glad to find Dr. Bucknill recognizing the unusual bodily strength of Lear. This is a point too often kept out of sight on the stage, where even great actors have represented the king as not merely old, but infirm. Mr. Charles Kean, indeed, avoided this misconception, and by so doing greatly enhanced, in our opinion, the merit of his performance. Rude physical force is, in fact, a most significant portion of Lear's psychology. At the age of fourscore and upwards he hunts the wild boar or the red-deer—a feat which tries the energy of even middle-aged gentlemen of feebleness organization. His appetite is keen, as appears by his impatience for dinner; and his powers of endurance are equal to those of the youngest of his train of knights. He has probably never known for a day the depressing touch of sickness. Confident in his strength, he is unluckily as confident in his wisdom, and mistakes bodily for intellectual force. His mind is really assailed through his body. Though he felt not the fury of the elements, the storm had insensibly weakened him, and his reason begins to totter at the very moment when cold and weariness begin to tell upon him. "I cannot doubt," says Dr. Bucknill, "that Shakspeare contemplated this exposure (to the elements) and physical suffering as the cause of the first crisis in Lear's malady." A little further on he remarks, that while "Kent is urging his master to take shelter in a hovel from the tyranny of the night, Lear objects that the outward storm soothes that which rages within, by diverting his attention from it; which he may well feel to be true, though the exposure and physical suffering are at the very time telling with fearful effect upon his excited, yet jaded condition." In his pride of strength and station, Lear is possessed with the notion that though he divest himself of authority, he must retain all men's reverence, and that everybody must love and honor him for his own sake, irrespective of what he had to give and grant. He is undeceived, indeed, by his daughters, yet he does not fully credit his weakness and dependence until he has discovered that he is "not ague-proof." The demolition of the robust, overweening Lear, and the reconstruction of the loving and confiding Lear, are excellently sketched by Dr. Bucknill. The groundwork of his character is, indeed, in one respect, unaltered by suffering. His emotions run always into extremes.

As the first Lear has no bounds to his self-reliance, so the second has none to his self-distrust and dependence on others.

The madness of Lear and Hamlet has often been discussed, while the psychology of Macbeth and his wife has been comparatively neglected, or at any rate most imperfectly analyzed. The obvious qualities of the Thane of Glamis and his terrible temptress—his animal and her intellectual courage—speak for themselves; and the secrets of their respective psychological structure are examined with much acuteness by Dr. Bucknill. His remarks on Lady Macbeth are of peculiar value and interest. His theory of her physical characteristics is opposed to stage tradition and to pictorial illustration of her. He demurs to Mr. MacIise's portrait of her in the banquet scene, and doubts whether Mrs. Siddons were the kind of matron intended by the poet. Lady Macbeth was, in Dr. Bucknill's opinion, small in stature, beautiful in features, and feminine in demeanor—"no Scandinavian Amazon, the muscles of whose brawny arms could only have been developed to their great size by hard and frequent use." Mr. De Quincey has expressed, in one of his essays, a very similar opinion, and adduces in support of it a private performance which he had witnessed of this character by the beautiful Lady Hamilton, which, in his judgment, surpassed in its truth to nature and the poet any stage representation. It is clear that Macbeth entertains for his lady the personal love which a beautiful woman would excite. This love is one of the levers which she employs in raising him to the platform of his first great crime. Was it reciprocated? We cannot tell. "She manifests no feeling towards Macbeth beyond the regard which ambition makes her yield." We believe her to have been as incapable of love as of hatred. Remorseless ambition possesses her soul entirely in the interim between her reading the letter and the fruition of her hopes. Dr. Bucknill justly observes that her "character is drawn with a classic simplicity of outline; it presents us with none of those balancing and contending emotions which make the character of Macbeth so wide and varied a field of study." Hence, she rests content with the murder that puts within her grasp "the golden round"—she is not supposed to have participated in her husband's later crimes. *He*, in the fever of terror and remorse, susceptible,

imaginative, and infirm of purpose, wades deeper in the sea of blood; *she* stands composedly where at first her foot was dipped in it, without compunction, without alarm, looking neither before nor after, now that she has won all. She has no imagination, no sympathy, perhaps no affections. Dr. Bucknill has not, however, taken into his account that she is a childless mother. Her bereavement should have been considered in the examination of her psychological structure.

We must afford space for the following extract from the volume before us:—

"Lady Macbeth's end is psychologically even more instructive than that of her husband. The manner in which even-handed justice deals with her, 'his fiendlike wife,' is an exquisite masterpiece of dramatic skill. The undaunted metal which would have compelled her to resist to the last, if brought face to face with any resistible adversaries, gradually gives way to the feeling of remorse and deep melancholy when left to feed upon itself. The moral object of the drama required that the fierce gnawing of remorse at the heart of the lady should be made manifest; and as her firm, self-contained nature imposes upon her a reticence in her waking moments, in strong contrast to the soliloquizing loquacity of her demonstrative husband, the great dramatist has skillfully availed himself of the sleep-stalking state in which she uncovers the corroding ulcers of her conscience. Whether the deep melancholy of remorse tends to exhibit itself in somnambulism, is a fact which may on scientific grounds be doubted. . . . The phenomena of sleep-walking are painted with great truthfulness. In this slumbrous agitation 'the benefit of sleep' cannot be received. It neither exerts its soothing influence on the mind, nor is it 'chief nourisher in life's feast' to the body. Light is left by her continually. Was this to avert the presence of those 'sightless substances' once so impiously invoked? She 'seems washing her hands,' and 'continues in this a quarter of an hour.' What a comment on her former boast—'a little water clears us of this deed.' The panorama of her crime passes before her, searing the eyeballs of the fancy—a fancy usually so cold and impassive, but now in agonizing erethism."

The contents of Dr. Bucknill's volume are so generally interesting, and so often highly instructive, that we resist with much difficulty the temptation to accompany him further; but, *inclusi spatiis iniquis*, we must now close his book with a hearty recommendation of it to our readers.

From Chambers's Journal.

SHETLAND MARRIAGES.

ALL the Shetlanders marry about the age of twenty; that is, the *men* marry at twenty; as for the women, they follow quite a different rule. It sometimes does happen that both the man and woman about to be married are of an age, but this is seldom; the greater number of marriages are between youths of nineteen and maids of thirty-two. Whenever a young man can act his part in the manning of a boat, he has arrived at the height of his ambition, and therefore there is no wonder at his marrying early; but why he pitches on an old maid, instead of a young girl, is not so easily accounted for, unless it be that young men have a peculiar affection for old maids, as old men have a peculiar affection for young girls. This system of marriage holds good only with those who never leave their native soil. He who becomes a sailor, cannot generally marry so young; but he is always sure, before leaving his home, to single out the object of his future affections. In no country is a lover so faithful to his mistress as in Shetland. I never heard of a Shetland sailor who was guilty of a breach of promise, although he should be absent for ten years. Not only does he not break his engagement, but he never fails to write to his beloved one in effusions of the most endearing nature, always beginning or ending his epistles with "My Pet," "My Jewel," "My Watch," or "My Diamond!" Years before the celebration of the marriage, the woman is by no means slack in telling all her neighbors of the particulars of the engagement, and of the year, and of the month, and of the day, and of the hour when it is to be celebrated. Such an extraordinary license of ante-nuptial tattle would be hardly suitable for countries where the bride sometimes misses the bridegroom even at the horns of the altar. The woman has another license which is more peculiar: she is allowed to have a temporary lover during the absence of the true one. This license is given by the absent lover himself; but the moment he returns home, the temporary lover must desist from making any more visits. How far the temporary lover may carry on his suit, I could never accurately ascertain; but it is generally understood that they may ogle, joke, kiss at the back of the door, and squeeze hands when parting. The absent lover is allowed no license of this sort, but must

walk as circumspectly as though he were married. Whether he strictly adheres to such a course of chaste behavior cannot always be found out; but it is certain that, if alive, he will return home and marry her who is as dear to him as life itself. When the marriage-ceremony is performed—not by a priest, for there is not a Roman Catholic in all Shetland, but by some Protestant clergyman of the established Church, or of some dissenting denomination, of which there are many—the marriage-party, a mixed assemblage of old and young, set off immediately on a short tour, until it draws near the dinner-hour. This tour must be gone through so as to form a circle, and must not, on any account, be contrary to the course of the sun, else the young couple's fortunes from that day take a backward course.

As soon as they return home, they sit down to dinner, where the tables are sure to be groaning under loads of beef, mutton, fowl, fish, and *bursting*. *Bursting* is used at every meal in Shetland: it is made from black oats, made blacker by burning in a pot over the fire, while undergoing the process of drying. It is then ground by a hand-mill, when it might be sold for snuff, if people had no senses but sight. Lastly, it is baked into round balls of different sizes, which are a very little flattened, but not so much so that they can be compared to the Scotch bannock. These *burstings* are generally baked with suet, and thus they comprise the greater part of Shetland bread. The dinner being over, and having washed well their throats with whisky—for they are all exceedingly fond of drink of any sort—they commence the dance. In this art they are wonderful proficients, for they can dance hours without intermission. A row of men occupies one side of the house from end to end, and a row of women stands opposite. The fiddler strikes up some riotous and ranting tune; the dancers begin—they skip, they frisk, they fling, they leap with the utmost agility, assuming every posture and attitude. Some lean forward, and are intent in examining the skipping and frisking of their feet; some lean backward, and have their eyes fixed on the ceiling of the house for half an hour. One man is leaning sideways, and with sidelong glance is graciously admiring the frisking of *one* of his feet; every one, in short, has some peculiar and original dance of his own. In these different and peculiar

postures they continue, without reeling, for half an hour, thumping and pelting at it, till perspiration streams to the ground, and mist ascends in clouds, or, as Burns would have said, "till ilka body swat and reekit." During the half-hour they thus dance without reeling, every one is trying his utmost in cutting as many strange capers as possible, and ever and anon all roar out: "Good-luck to thee, lad!" and "Good-luck to thee, lass!" The lad and the lass who have such a shower of "good-lucks" hailed upon them are of course the bridegroom and bride. All the Shetlanders address each other without distinction in the Quaker style, by thous and thees, and by every other familiarity used by that innocent body of people.

There is another circumstance about the dance that strikes a stranger very much. All the dancers have shoes made of cowhide, with the hairy side out; and thus some have black feet, some white feet, some red feet, and some speckled feet. These shoes they call *rivlans*. Whenever they intend to reel, one of them takes the lead, and all the rest follow; or perhaps the fiddler gives intimation that it is time for them to do so by making a discordant and hideous sound on the bass-string of his fiddle. They do not reel for half an hour, but run twice or thrice round the house, and then set to the dance again with redoubled fury. Burns must have seen something similar to the Shetland mode of dancing before he described his dance of the "vitches." I never fully understood or saw the

force of that till I witnessed Shetland weddings. It is no uncommon thing for neighbors, who have not been invited to the marriage, to dress in disguise, and participate in the festivities of the evening. The usual way they disguise themselves is by rolling the body up in straw-rope and blackening the face. These maskers have usually all the privileges of bidden guests, and are treated with great civility. At the end of every dance, every man *must* kiss his female partner. Sometimes the men dance by themselves, as the women cannot hold out to such long and furious exercise; and when they finish their dance, they do not kiss, but hug each other to such a degree so as to create disgust in those who have been unaccustomed to such a habit. When they are overpowered with feasting and mirth, all of them sleep on the floor, without any distinction or regularity, like so many young pigs, huddled together in the utmost confusion. They rise some time next day, to renew their mirth and feasting, which, indeed, continue for some days; a custom, however, now on the wane. There is one thing worthy of observation about *all* Shetland marriages: I never knew a real original native man of Shetland who married a woman of any other county or country; on the other hand, a Shetland woman often gets married to men of other counties throughout the kingdom, and her parents are exceedingly fond of such extraneous matches. Thus, the Shetland women have a better chance of getting married than any other women in Britain.

FAGNIANI, the artist so famous in detecting latent beauty in a face, and portraying it upon canvas, has just finished a charming portrait of Madame Boissy, Byron's Countess Guiccioli. She is represented at the age when she was in the full maturity of her charms, though, strange to say, the likeness is deemed as perfect of her to-day as one could ever have been, allowing for a difference in weight, which age has given her, though she is just sixty years old. She wears her hair in ringlets now, just as she did when she left the nunnery and first attracted the admiration of her poet-lover at Venice, and, strange to say, up to this day she has not a gray

hair in her head. Singularly enough, too, her complexion is still the marvel of all Paris, so fair and so unchanged by "Time's effacing fingers." Madame Boissy's *salon* is one of the most attractive to both sexes in the great metropolis of France, and she herself is said to be still one of the most fascinating of her sex.

The portrait is full length, and one of the cleverest things, I am told, that Fagniani has ever done. His studio, since its completion has been quite a resort for the fashionable world, where there is naturally great curiosity to know what sort of picture would suit a woman of sixty who has been so famous in earlier days for her beauty.—*Correspondent N. Y. Evening Post.*